Hotel Okura Dec. 27th. 1967

I

We were out of Honolulu International Airport yesterday at 2:15 P.M.--45 minutes late simply because they had to pump 25,000 gals of Kerosene into the Jet--that takes time. We had arrived at the airport two hours early--enough time to consume two beers in the air-port tavern and a good solid bourbon in the United Airlines "Red-Carpet Room"--simply because John knew someone who knew someone--and that could go on all nite.

Anyway--we were off the ground 2:15--the weather clear--temperature in the low 80s.

The Aeroplane was on a maiden trip--brand new. Due to the similarity of time (evidently) they gave us a new aeroplane--perhaps, they got the initials L.B.J. confused with J.W.B. Anyway--had they of looked 'twould have been easy to differentiate--all Republicans have lost their shirt-tails.

At 34,000 feet a sea of cauliflowered clouds poking pugnacious heads thru a misty back-ground became our back-drop. Very similar at times to an ice jam on the Colorado River--then again water-fall--with a little imagination --canyons of eddying fog.

We bucked a head-wind of up to 150 miles per hour--which entailed a 10 hr. flight. Reader's Digest to the contrary--it was a smooth trip. We played bridge--ate turkey--had some drinks--slept--then resumed the bridge game about 5:00---lost Xmas about 3:00 P.M. at which time we crossed the Int. Date line. The plane's capacity was 165 persons--and we had only 32 aboard. Seats were not restricted--could come and go as we pleased. Had we chartered a private plane it could not have been any better.

Of the entire flight the most fantastic thing was chasing the sun. I've seen no end of beautiful sunsets and sunrises, but this was the first time that I have ever flown thru one. The Sunset was on our left and ahead--for three hours there was a prismatic band of gold--red--finally a deep purple--the sun just wouldn't go down. In fact it was almost eerie.

Twas dark when we arrived in Tokyo. We picked up lights--evidently along some of the lesser islands about 30 minutes before seat-belt time--which is 15 minutes before landing.

Tokyo Airport is dark and dingy--not at all like those in the United States. The lights are fluorescent--but they only serve to hide the fact that the terminal is old and antiquated. John's friends (three of them) were there to meet us and escort us to the hotel. Our baggage had become un-locked in flight and if ever you would want to see something funny---'twould have been Mildred and myself claiming our bags and sitting astride a green suit-case --one on each end--trying in vain to contain the contents.

I finally suggested that it would be a damned good time for each of us to have a double bourbon. Finally it became funny.

We had to clear customs (which in Japan is only a formality) They love to see us and our American Dollars. There were two cars to meet us--thank heavens simply cause their cars are small--the luggage was heavy--and in Japan--for the first time in my life I am a big man. Tell Jay I now know and understand his lifetime predicament. Gosh--it is nice to walk down the street and tower over everyone you meet--you can see for blocks.

You've heard about Tokyo traffic? Let me tell you I had too. But if you want a real demonstration just walk out in the back yard--find an ant hill and pour some Bug-killer on it. The ones in the back-ground (Not directly

sprayed) would represent the average citizen--those thoroughly doused would be the Taxi-drivers--they just go thoroughly nuts. It is absolutely fantastic--the traffic here. Damned good thing that they use meteric system of measurement--they get so close to each other at 50 miles per hour--that no other system could measure the proximity.

They stop--back up--wave at each other and do their damned level best to run over a pedestrian at the drop of a hat. Tokyo is on about three levels--sub-way (which we rode today)--street level and then an elevated level that is composed of super-hiways (Toll-roads).

Last nite our Jap friends took us out to dinner. We all sat around a table (three sides) and the cook was on the other side--grill in the middle. Perhaps, you don't get this--but he cooked from one side and we ate from the other three sides and the grill. Beef was the main entree, but we also had fried Chrysanthemums (yeah--common Mums) Bean sprouts cooked with onions and a green salad of which I didn't insist upon having a post-mortem. Tonite I ate course after course--real good--and then Mildred told me they were breaking raw eggs into each of 'em.

Finally--home and to bed. My one regret in Japan is the fact that one must sleep at all--24 hours a day just looking would be wonderful.

Routed Mildred out this morning--gave a sermon that we did not--very emphatically--did not come to Japan just to sleep. Breakfast in the hotel coffee bar--had Hot-cakes--skinny and only two of them with some bacon that was near to being rancid--you know what I mean. The syrup was not Mrs. Butterworth's--nor was it Maple--but it was applicable. Coffee was something to write Super-man about--they are sincere in their desire to see that one cup will suffice--else one would have to go to the pot more often. No Pun. However, our Jap friends picked us up today at 11:00 and didn't offer the comfort of a rest-room the entire day--got back to hotel about 5:00.

In a moment of sincerity--Did you ever try Chop-sticks? They work darned well if you can keep them even--like "Even Stephen"--I just can't. To complicate matters I am left-handed and all of my teachers are contrary--meaning right-handed. I finally could hit my mouth--but the table looked terrible--drippings and what not.

These Japanese friends that met us and are showing us around are simply jewels. Without them I seriously doubt that we could have gotten around at all. Tohru (the husband) is 27, his wife Amiko slightly younger. They have one child--a girl about 4 months old. They have dropped any personal business they might have and arrive at the hotel at an appointed hour with their car--intent on showing us around. They are with us continuously until about 9:30 p.m. after which they bow, wish us "good nite" and go home.

Last evening they took us to dinner in a Japanese Restaurant of their choice. At our suggestion Tohru did the ordering for the entire party which included another young single friend Hisanabu (about 25 years old).

This friend came into the party simply because Tohru's car was very--very small--the party was large--more room was needed and the friend had a larger car. He hauled us to the Ginza--took care of the car parking--and we didn't see him again until we were ready to return to the hotel. Consequently, we insisted that he eat with us. What he did all day while we were shopping--sight-seeing I wouldn't know. He speaks no English. This larger car had the seating capacity comparable to a V-W.

When you sit down to the table here the first thing served is a hot wash cloth. You wash your hands--face, too, if one wishes. Not a bad idea.

These are then picked up by the waitress and the meal starts. Last nite it was at least 8 courses--too complicated to describe. Albiet--everything was extremely good. If you like something why be inquisitive.

We did have the traditional "Happy Hour" before eating--Tohru and Amiko had presented us with a bottle of "Suntory Whiskey"--made in Japan and very good. A cross between Scotch and Bourbon. The Japs drink very little--say two small drinks. However, we upheld the prestige and honor only to the point of required dignity.

Incidentally, the nite we arrived there were gifts for everyone from Amiko, Tohru, and Hisanabu. One each for Mildred and myself--many more for John & Doris because they were old friends.

Last nite at the dinner table I sat next to Tohru (his father runs a chemical company) and we had quite an interesting conversation. We compared educational systems--not personal--but from a country wide view-point. Taxes--retirement plans--medical care--election procedures etc. I gathered that the Japanese people take a very dim view of De Gaulle. They think that Red China is really running North Korea. They are extremely worried about Red China's A Bomb--they want Okinawa back from the U. S. and they would love to guess as to who our next president might be. Not that Johnson is unpopular--they would be too polite to venture an opinion on that--but they realize the effect will be far-reaching.

From reading the Daily Newspaper (under our room door each morning) The English pound de-valuation is affecting their balance of payments.

Today we went to the local market--not a super-market. They were selling fish--peanuts--candies--baked goods--you just name it and they had it. I really think that the local vendors had as much fun kidding us as we had looking at them. Even eat Raw Squid?--I did. In fact we had many samples--even bought some cookies--after watching them baked. People--God there were millions of them there shopping. (Paragraph omitted here; see reverse side)

We then visited Takashimaya Dept. Store--a superlative thing of eight stories and if they don't have it--Liff's won't either. Imports from Germany--Italy--and of course lots of local merchandise--even some from U. S. I particularly noticed that there was no smoking in the stores. People with colds all wear a miniature surgical mask of their own volition--yes I mean they do. I inquired and it is not required. They--simply respect their fellow men enough to do this. All day the only handkerchiefs that I saw were carried by either myself or Mildred and they don't wear Jersey Gloves for a wiper--either.

Temperature today--in the 40s

They have a terrific smog problem here--didn't see the sun all day.

Foreign Exchange Rate as Posted:

U. S. $360.90 Cash 359.00 (I still have confidence in the American Dollar)

Behind each counter in their stores they have enough clerks to eat the merchandise. No self-service--and they are short one million workers. Incidentally--Tohru says the average worker makes about $100.00 per mo. He also thinks that the U. S. and Japan will team to fight Red China. He is also real perturbed about De Gaulle and France. His personal car is a "Toyopet" 200 series. It goes like the hubs of hell.

Tips: If you have any aspirations to be an international traveler:

"Go to the pot at every opportunity". Desire is of little consequence

Kinda like Si Hubbard said after fighting the little guy who had flirted with his wife--"He was small, but he was damned quick." These guys are all small, but they are plentiful and quick.

"Buy and carry a Daily Newspaper at all times. The language in which they are printed is of little importance---they make a dandy "Lap Napkin" and you just could hit an air pocket. Bourbon washes out easily---gravy is terrible.

80 per cent of the music we hear is American--good tunes--old tunes--this morning I looked at the Emperor's Palace (across the moat of course) to a country and western by Jimmie Dean.

This hotel would take some describing--yes--you thought I would say left-handed toilet paper--I'm not going to. But--there is so much humidity that the toilet paper has lost its crispness--nothing more desultory.

We have a radio at bedside--T.V. (black & white)--a free Newspaper under the door each morning--sanitized clogs in the closet each morning--room service and they not only make the bed--they come in each nite--remove the bed-spread and turn the bed down for you--no foolin. There is a mirror for shaving--that magnifies--and really scares you if you look at it with any degree of determination.

I could write all nite but must get to bed and guess what--the radio is playing "Mighty Like a Rose."

Just one thing that I forgot--If ever you think that those Jets aren't pressurized--just you go to the pot and flush the toilet. I did that and the following "whoosh" had me believing that I had wrecked the aeroplane. Quite a suxcation.

Honolulu didn't impress me much. Just a tourist trap.

The bathroom in this hotel is both novel--large--and deserves some comment. Floor--walls are ceramic tile. The bathroom itself is large at least 6 x 10 feet. The east wall is entirely mirrored with a builtin dressing table the entire width of the room. There are two lavatories (circular)--the hot water which is instantaneous is marked red--the cold blue and then in the center or the mixing faucet is a small button which you depress to obtain drinking water. The Porter advised us that this was for "Ice Water." The stool sits at an angle to the mirror--you can't lean back when going to the pot--but you do get a beautiful profile shot of yourself. Personally, my profile shot has always been best from a left angle and that is what I get. Those who look best from a right angle would just have to close their eyes or look in the magnifying mirror suspended slightly forward from their head. Just above your head there is a telephone--yep in the bathroom. The west side is a tub --at least 5½ or six footer--enclosed by a tub enclosure. There is a ledge around the further side of the tub about a foot wide...I presume to sit on while one showers. Incidentally, that shower arrangement is something else. Rather than a fixed shower head there is a flexible metal hose with an attached head that resembles the head-set on one of our telephones--with say --the talking mouthpiece removed--that is where it attaches to the hose. One may remove the shower tube and head (about four feet long) place it in the tub--regulate water temperature to taste--replace the shower head in the wall bracket and proceed with your bath. For removing excess soap at the end of the bath it is possible to move the shower head over your body as desired. Bath towels are plentiful and luxurious. After showering this morning I checked the length and the towel reached from my shoulders to the floor--bright yellow and very thick. Tower bar in the tub section is installed at an angle from the tub toward ceiling about 45 Deg. a very good idea.

Started writing this morning at 7:00 A.M.--pulled the drapes and the sun is shining--weather forecast a high of 51--present temp 40. We ordered coffee

for two and on the tray I find that the time is: 19-50 "Grand Ole Opery" just came on the radio--will finish dressing while I listen. Yesterday (as an after-thot) we purchased a carton of Winstons and one of Salems--price 3,000 yen (pronounced "en") at the current exchange of 287 you figure that out.

Speaking of figuring the clerks in all stores use the Abacus--only they have a different name for it. It is amazing--intriguing--interesting to watch, but just don't try to understand the procedure. Everywhere you look there is a telephone--on the streets--in shops--all painted red and invariably someone is using them. Much easier to phone than to fight the traffic and try to make a personal visit.

Checked on building costs today. Tohru plans to build a home this coming year, and he told me that it would cost $55.00 per square foot--and that the cost of a lot would equal that. This does not include air-conditioning nor garbage disposal, but would have two baths.

This morning we were picked up by the secretary of a man who was a friend of Claire Higson of Australia. The Sec, incidentally, was male. The car was a Chevie Impala--steering wheel on left side--and costs of car about $5,000 American Dollars. We were taken across town--perhaps not--the town is big--anyway we drove for about 40 minutes to an old fashioned Japanese eating place.

There we met our hosts--a man of about 45 and woman (beautiful) somewhat younger, Kioko. We were ingulfed with women attendants--entered a foyer the floor of which appeared to be wet--there was a wooden step about 12 inches wide and as high. There we removed our shoes and went up a stair-way to the eating room. On the floor there were matts with back rests and a portable deal about elbow height on one side only. They greatly resembled the stadium seats that we carry to foot-ball games or use in a boat when fishing. We proceeded to sit down. In deference to Mildred and Doris they produced blankets for covering the extremities. John and I just had to suffer. We didn't know whether to squat--ride side-saddle or just what. After the tension eased somewhat we did about everything--cross-legged--askance--side-saddle and I still felt like a bag of noodles.

The wash cloths appeared and we used them--hands and face. The table was of boards--approximately 16 inches wide and 16 feet long--laid in a rectangle--with about 4 feet between them. In the middle char-coal fires were laid--one for cooking the other for ceremonial tea which was brewing. The boards we were told were over 100 years old and showed it. Continual scrubbing made them look like they had been sand-blasted. Something like the old mining shacks which we see in the higher mountains. We had the usual chop-sticks.

First course was warm Sake. Next course raw shrimp with a sauce that was hotter than any horse-radish that Oosterhouse ever concocted--it literally burned. Next course "Warm Sake." I'll omit further mention of that--our cups runneth over all afternoon. One attendant was a dedicated soul bent on keeping the cups full and she did. She would even wait until you had drained the last drop with an insistence that would defy a dedicated Mormon--so that she might pour agin. We had wild duck--quail--salad--rice--and believe it or not--sparrow--all barbecued in front of us on skewers--even whole shrimp--feelers, eyes, shell, viscera, etc.! None of us could be positive that they meant a sparrow such as we have in the U.S., but after we got back to the hotel Mildred picked her teeth and got a drumstick out of a cavity--so--regardless they were pretty small. By that time we were getting leg-cramps--rather we were long past that stage and rigor mortis was setting in when they suggested a seventh inning stretch. Thank god one was a baseball fan. When I moved the arm-rest under my right elbow--(thank heavens the things were reversible) he muttered "south-paw." Then more food--cooked greenery--cooked shrimp--ceremonial rice made especially for New Years. That meal went on

for a good 2 hours and in desperation they had brought spoons to us. Try sometime to eat a drum-stick with chop-sticks and if that lacks lustre and appeal--try some rice. We finally arose (without help) and went out on a patio for the green tea and coffee. We were visiting very freely and frankly by that time. We finally said good-bye and they brought us back to the hotel just in time to meet Tohru and his wife.

Off again--this time to Tokyo Tower--tallest in the world--fode elevator up to the half-way point--about 500 feet--and looked the town over. I now know why Japan is called the land of the "Rising Sun". Step out in the back yard the next full moon--watch it rising over Grand Mesa--paint the moon a dark ruby red and you will have an idea of sunrises and sunsets here in Japan. It must be the haze--atmosphere or something--but truly you can look at the sun just as you would the moon. The sun was just setting as we left the tower--faintly in the distance we could see mountains.

Back down town to the modern Ginza (shopping center) and we spent an hour or more touring the stores. When a light changes and the pedestrians start crossing the streets the wave coming toward you from the opposite side would make the Green Bay Packers look like "Ned in the third Reader." They literally form a wave of solid humanity--they meet about the middle of the street and the melee is on. Just don't you get lost or stepped on and watch for taxis

Mildred in proof reading the first page said that I had forgotten to mention the turtle soup that we had this afternoon. No chop sticks--we drank it--which was very sensible. Too, one more change--we had tea--coffee--and hot-house melon--akin to a Cantaloupe.

Back to this evening. The stores were crowded--merchandise plentiful and apparently of good quality. Prices not so much different from those in the states for shoes etc. It was cold--John and I didn't take top-coats and should have. Mildred and Doris were both shivering so we went into a store--rode elevator up and walked down--both interesting and warming. Next to the "New Imperial Hotel" for drink--dinner and show. Lasted about two hours--back to hotel and a perusal of photo albums with Tohru and wife. Checked train and plane reservations for Kyoto. Leave here at 8:30 A.M.--catch train at 9:20 and will ride 170 miles per hour on the ground. Must get up at 6:30--pack one bag for the four of us.

Tokyo as a city is much like a woman--you could live with her a lifetime and really never know her. The planning here (up until the past post-war years) evidently was about like an alley cat planning a family. The advent of cars (still only one family in seven have one in Japan) post war occupation and western influence have caused a terrific change. Super-hi-ways (many toll) are being built and traffic moves on two to three levels. Underground there is an entire other city. Ten million people in such a cramped space just have to be "tiered" like a wedding cake. The hub of the Ginza we were on tonite carries a price tag of $10,000 per square nine inches or literally $20,000 per square foot--so Tohru told us. Adequate word description is impossible. It must be seen--the world's largest City. One last thought--80 per cent of the Japanese people wear glasses--it is impossible to ascertain whether they really need them or think it fashionable--and those with money have gold or silver teeth in prominence...even the women.

(COPY) Lew & Mildred

Tohru was at the hotel early this morning to escort us to the National Railways Station for our train trip to Kyoto.

The station was sparkling new (Tohru said about 3 years old) very clean and very crowded. A maze of shops—corridors—escalators and steps; he stayed with us until we were safely stowed into our seats. His concern for us is akin to that of a mother hen.

This train is something else—snub-nosed—blue and white traveling on rail that must be at least 240 pound per ft—it is an electric job. Here, as everywhere else, there are almost as many attendants as passengers. The seats were wide—golden in color—and could swivel more ways than a Hula dancer. I thot at first they could be described as articulated barber chairs—but the wide windows—upholstery—foot rests, etc., gave them a dignified sex appeal and you don't get that in a barber shop. Tohru had to purchase a visitor's ticket to gain access to the train—that also is customary here. This is the Super-Express—vouched to be the swiftest in the world—about 160 miles per hour. John and I both questioned this fact until we met a train going in the other direction—then there was only a blur of white and a squeal from Mildred.

They solved the problem very nicely of getting such a train thru the Tokyo traffic—we were over-under or in tunnels. In all there were over 80 tunnels on the 400 mile trip. In each tunnel there were electric lights on the side and I could think of no other way to live dangerously that would equal that of the guy who had to change the bulbs.

The country-side is scrub-pine which looks a lot like our Pond pine—terraced farms—paths and an occasional narrow Asphalt paved road barely wide enough to accommodate their tiny cars.

You can tell the Dept. of Highways that the Japs would solve the "Red Buffalo" controversy in a hurry. Rather than argue they would start a tunnel about De Beque and come out at Denver. In the first place they couldn't afford the luxury of removing a 300 foot right-a-way from food Production. We did see some citrus fruit on the trip—albiet it was cold when we left and colder when we got to Kyoto.

Looking at the country side convinced me that our biggest extravagance in the United States is our use of land. The rail line runs along the coast for the most part with a high chain of mountains on the other. Where the mountains crowded the coast there was simply another tunnel. (More tunnels than Marie has cats)

They were hawking Japanese food on the train—cute little girls pushing carts—and just like a ball game—where you can't have any fun without a program—neither can one ride the Super-Express without trying one of their snacks. We settled for Chicken-Rice in a cello-wrapped box—which was in reality rice with a brown color—perhaps, a Rhode Island Hen had inadvertently walked thru the pot to add the color—and some varied and assorted pickles. Most of the lunch went into the litter bag.

About 30 minutes out of Tokyo we got an excellent view of Fuji and just like the pictures there was snow on it. We asked the height—they didn't know—they we told them—about 10,000'

We noticed an immense amount of construction paralleling the train route—earth moving equipment, etc. Here in Japan, they too, are building a hi-way system just like our Inter-state. It is complete from Kyoto south and under cons't back toward Tokyo. There were several housing projects, but they just don't build like we do. Their roofs for the most part were a ceramic flat tile of beautiful bright colors.

We were met at Kyoto by a friend of Tohru's and he took us to the hotel in his car. His father is president of the Kyoto Lion's Club. His name was Motoki--short little guy--aren't they all? Lunched at the hotel and then went templeing--Mildred stayed at hotel--of the four of us she got a flu shot and guess whart?--she has the cold. The wind was blowing and it was below zero--centigrade. About 26 degrees our temperature.

Motoki was Buddhist, but of a special faith--kinda like Baptists they have several branches--and that afternoon he showed us three temples--all very old--all very difficult to describe.

Best skip the description--just look at pictures--you'll have some around the house--better give some advice on visiting temples.

Now I've always contended that tying shoes was a waste of time--they must be untied each nite and that is double waste. When one visits temples best you throw away your shoe strings. Youre in sock feet--try it--at 26 degrees in an unheated building. I told Doris the procedure is in reality very simple--you freeze your feet today--gangrene tomorrow--amputation the third day. Then you can sit on a street corner and sell pencils. Incidentally, I've noticed only one such operator in all the Japan we have seen.

Doris finally gave up on the third temple (it was so cold and there were some fore-bidding steps) so we left her in a small native "Tea Joint," to warm up. Guess what--when we got back she was having tea on the house and she had found one of those small bath-tubs that they bury in the floor. Now you know Doris does not speak Japanese and I know that the people in the tea house understood not one word of English--but I guess the language of urgency is universal--anyway they escorted her to the door of the room with the little tub. Had they of used gestures--I would like to have been there.

My one admonition--wear heavy wool socks or sneakers--especially if it is cold. Personally, I have a suspicion that they have you remove your shoes in order to get a free polish job on their floors. When we get home I think we will install this custom in the kitchen and bath. Speaking of installing customs--there are several more that John and I are taking notes on--these Japanese women know how to treat a man.

Dec. 31st the native Japanese vacate hotels--homes etc., and clean house. I mean that literally--they scrub--beat--dust--launder and vacuum. That one day--everything must be clean.

The nite of the 29th we went to a Geisha house--yea. Really, Geishas furnish companionship for tired business-men. Everyone squats around a central mat on the floor (remove your shoes) and makes conversation. The girls come and go--sorta rotate--and everyone drinks hot Sake. They ranged in age from less than 20 to I would guess 45. After the age of 20 they are thrung out. Finally, the Piece-D-Resistance came in--(Maiko-san--Japanese dancing girl after age of 20--is Geisha girl)--very bright Kimono and as White as one of Pillsbury's Biscuits--Rice Powder I would guess. She danced--or acted a Tableau to the accompaniment of a three stringed instrument played by one of the older women who also sang and it sounded like nothing more than a frustrated tom-cat on an alley fence in the dead of nite. They wrote down the words for us--and if you want a reproduction at home--apply any type of tune you desire. Twon't be far off. Copy enclosed and duly noted. John swears that one of the girls was keeping time to the music on his upper-inner leg, but I wasn't bothered. We played a "pass the coin" game and also twirled a bent chop stick. Whoever was stuck with the coin--or toward whom the chop stick was pointed got a drink of Hot Sake. Incidentally, this Sake isn't a bad drink--serve it warm.

Mildred just suggested that I mention that we were drinking coffee (tis early

morning Jan. 1st.) and my reaction was to say: that we were eating it. This coffee here is something.

From Geisha house back to hotel. Mamma Geisha followed us to our car—about a block—and that, too, is customary. They just don't say good-bye at the door. One more observation: if they would eliminate that damned bowing and bowing they could all move in at least four feet closer and thus gain some badly needed space.

Dec. 30th

Dr. Ozuma, wife, and two children called while we were dressingnext morning. He is a doctor of internal medicine and pediatrics, Grad of Yale U. and very intelligent. Boy of 14 named Roy—daughter of 10 name Mommy and his wife Emiko. I got by real well—Emiko was the same name as the wife of Tohru—Mommy offered no problem to my memory—and Roy and I hit it off—he informed me that he played "The baseball very well." More temples—this time of their particular Buddhism. Different temples, but the same cold feet. Personally, I can take temples or leave 'em alone. See one—you have seen about all of them. About 4:00 P.M. after polishing floors for three hours I was ready to call it quits...not John. The Dr. had introduced us to the high priest and John and his damned philanthropy—he donated 10,000 Yen to the church which in effect, was the equivalent to purchasing another two hour tour...including ceremonial tea—which greatly resembled split pea soup. It was served in bowls which you spun in a circular motion to integrate the peas and the quite visible tea on top.

Forgot to mention that Dr. and family arranged lunch that day which was very good. Thin slices of beef which you immersed in boiling water at the table—in fact everything was cooked this way—a pot of water at each end of the table—eight people—four to each pot and you cooked what you wanted.

At the ceremonial tea we were also served a rice cake which the Dr. said was the staple diet of soldiers some 400 years ago. The cakes were small some one inch wide—½ inch depth and about two inches long. Me and my dentures—thank heavens I was cautious. Frankly, it was something like eating a garter belt. Had I been a soldier 400 years ago I, too, would have fought—fought strenuously against such food.

Finally, back to hotel and some warmth. Dinner with the Dr. and family. In touring that afternoon we had two taxis—Dr., Roy, John and Mildred in one—Doris, Mommy, Dr.'s wife and myself in other. Dr's Wife did not speak English.

Dec. 31st John's Birthday

Breakfast—downtown shopping with Dr. & Family. Mommy got sick in store so we bid goodbye to them and returned to hotel. Got our baggage and caught bus to Osaka Airport. Not a charter bus—just a good old fashioned bus that rattled and thumped. Plane back to Tokyo—Jap Airlines—Boe 727. Out of Osaka at 4:30 and 40 minutes to Tokyo. Time enough for two small, but very good rice cakes and tea. I ate the cakes—refused the tea—in order that I might look at the landscape below. Osaka was cloudy, but it soon cleared and we got a look at the many islands in the waning light of a good day. Lights were on when we landed. Since we caught an earlier flight than we had anticipated we waited an hour at the airport just in case Tohru should show up. While waiting we had a drink and Doris, Mildred and I bought a smoked salmon for John's Birthday gift—2100 yen. Mildred hid the gift under her coat in order that we might surprise him with it at the hotel.

Leaving the airport we rode the mono-rail downtown—got off at the third stop as directed—walked a block and shouted down a taxi for final lap to hotel. Quite a day—Bus—car—Jet—Mono-rail transportation—walking—all in one day.

At hotel we sang happy birthday and then unwrapped the fish--at least four layers of wrapping--very good fish after a drink or two of bourbon. Could get no reservations in best dining rooms so went to regular dining room--had dinner and then to 11th floor Starlight room for drinks.

Elaborate place--piano (very good) Bass Viol--one more instrument a trio playing requests--all very good American tunes. No SunnyBrook, but we did have Old Crow. Sitting there in the waning hours of 1967--watching a misty Neon lighted Tokyo skyline--thinking of the coming celebration at home left a choking--away from home--feeling. I told Doris that this was the freshest New Years that we would ever experience. Being only two hours from the international date-line--it was practically untarnished. At home we get our New Years after someone else has used and celebrated it for at least 18 hours.

We did not stay on the roof garden till the magic hour. Rather we returned to the rooms--Mildred and I danced one dance--rather provincial--but surely protocol--on the carpeted floor of the hotel room in our bare feet.

At the Airport in Osake we decided on a bottle of Suntory Bourbon (Japanese and very good) The display was on a top shelf and we pointed--no conversation. A Jap boy went to a back room and returned with a bottle in cardboard--something told me to investigate--but I didn't. Guess what--When we got to the hotel and opened--yep you're right--it was Brandy.

John had been drinking beer at the cocktail hour preceding the bus trip (we have lots of cocktail hours--for any reason or for no reason at all--just the mere suggestion in this crowd will suffice) and when we got to the Osake Airport he hunted up the men's room. He hurried back insisting that I, also, should go----there were the proverbial little women in there--now I don't want to disappoint you, but they were merely unconcernedly scrubbing the floor. Perhaps, some short people had been there.

A bit more on the traffic in Japan. The cars for the most part are small--compact compacts. The Drivers drive with fiendish fervor. They seldom honk, but when they do it is like a peal of doom--the sword of Damocles--an assertion of intent, and brother believe me you had best get out of their way. However, we have seen only one accident. Cars are mostly new--very few old ones. Streets were laid out over 1,000 years ago for the most part --many of them not more than 12 or 15 feet wide and traffic moving both ways. Interject motor-bikes, bicycles, and foot traffic for confusion.

The rail system is like a maze of spider-webs--they are everywhere and of every vintage--from the most modern in the world to the first installation of about 1870. In a country as congested as this one a national system operated by the Gov't is as necessary as breathing. We, too, will perhaps come back to this form of transportation in the far future.

Travel costs? Breakfast about $1.50---lunch has always been as guests of our Japanese friends--dinner from $2.00 up to $4.00. Shirts laundered 30 cents----handerchiefs .07--socks 15 cents. Service in about six hours. Hotel average $15.00 per day.

Tomorrow we catch plane for Manila. Tohru and wife will be by this afternoon at 1:30 P.M. All shops closed for New Year's holiday until the 4th of Jan.

These People are very polite and friendly. When we got back to the hotel last nite there were bouquets of carnations in each room--gifts from Tohru and his wife. A birthday card for John which they had made. Their life is just a succession of gift giving.

Lew (COPY)

/pc

Hotel Filipinas, Manila, Philippines III Jan. 3, 1968

Japanese Nostalgia. A few pertinent thoughts and then we will close the Japan episode.

For seven pesos per day I rent this machine and it is weird--better you believe this. For a solid hour Mildred and I have fought the battle of marginal stops and finally I got the damned thing working. Don't ask me what I did--I don't know--furthermore I don't want to know. The ribbon is of Corregidor vintage--quite evident--the back-spacer doesn't work and the name plate says Heremes"--I wouldn't question that. Incidentally, what did "Hermes" do that I haven't--other than make a typewriter that doesn't work?

Talking to Dr. Ozuma the other day I find that Japan has had Medi-care for some time. Medicines that will cure are permitted--medicines that prevent disease are ver botten. Japanese Physicians prescribe drugs, but instead of going to a drugstore they themselves carry the drugs and fill the prescriptions. Birth control pills are available by prescription only. There is a birth each six seconds in Japan and the Government still takes a dim view of birth control. The Doctor's hours are from 9:00 A.M. until about 6:00 P.M. in the office (which is in or very near to his home) six days per week. After hours he receives patients who are in pain--makes house calls--teaches English to a group of elementary school children and said he usually was in bed at 1:00 A.M. Governmental pay for medi-care is very slow--voluminous forms to be filled out--bickering over the cost of drugs prescribed--finally the money in about 90 days. Too, many Japanese are going to the doctors when in reality there is nothing wrong with them...the service is free...so they use it. Japan averages about one doctor for each 700 of population. Dr. Ozuma makes about $1,200 per month. They have a colored T.V. in their home...Also a piano. The son takes guitar lessons--the daughter piano. They eat both eastern and western style. The Doctor says there are many small clinics and anything over 10 bed capacity is classed as a hospital. In his particular town of about 70,000 there are four major or large hospitals.

We were staying with the Ozumas at the Kyoto Hotel (a nice, but very ordinary place) and the doctor made some reference to "this luxurious hotel."

The Japanese have had social security for many years--evidently before the States did. One of their most recent vices has been with-holding and they are covered by Comp. Insurance and disability. An average family of five with an income of $2,000 pay a small income tax, but this coming year (due to tax reduction) they will pay little or none.

Their new road system and free-ways are evidently financed by bond issues. We had to pay 150 Yen yesterday going from the Hotel to the airport--about 8 miles on free-way. Our taxi fare for the four of us, plus luggage, was $7.00 for the trip. Traffic signals for pedestrians are illustrated--when you can walk the light turns green and little green man on the light begins to walk. When the light is red he dutifully stands still.

School in Japan is very much like ours. They start later in age--according to birthday--after their seventh. As nearly as I could figure they have 13 years of school before graduating from High-school. School hours are from 8:00 until 5:00, (you kids are gonna like this) and six days a week. To make you American kids happier--they have about 8 days off at New Years and they get a very generous 40 days of summer vacation. Their assignments for home work are stupendous. Roy, the Dr's son, even brought his text books to Kyoto to study--and 'twas during the New Year's vacation, too.

Riding their busses--mono-rail--express--any public transportation--you purchase a ticket upon entrance--retain that ticket and surrender it upon departing. I didn't figure out their exact motive--whether the ticket taker

was checking the ticket seller or whether they intended to either make you pay again (in case you lost the stub) or collect if you had ridden past your declared destination.

370 yen approximate $1.00. The calculations and prices are stupendous--$2,100.00 yen for John's birthday fish. When leaving we applied all our Yen on the hotel bill--some 77,000 and it didn't quite pay half of the bill. Then, I had to run back in the hotel and purchase $5.00 worth of yen so that we could pay the taxi when we got to the airport. Scraping and digging we got the $7.00 together and the four of us were flat broke--no dollars--no pesos--no yen.

One interesting thing and something which I think we will soon face...is the fact that the Japanese Gov't limits the amount of money that a touring Jap can take out of the country--$500. Transportation is allowed and a daily subsistence for meals and lodging. If one has expensive tastes for hotels and meals the $500 is soon depleted.

Tohru, purchased a camera (which Brent wanted) and brought it to the hotel the nite before we left. With a 33 percent discount it came to $216.00 American dollars. When John started to pay him, he asked for American Dollars. Amika's sister is planning a trip to Manila and Singapore this spring and the $216.00 plus her travel allowance of $500.00 will give her a tidy nest egg for the trip. Too, he and his wife intend to come to the states in a year or two and anything left over will be used by them. Money changing--from American dollars to yen--was all done by written permit--name--passport number--kinda like filling out one's own birth certificate. However, we could have bought the bank of Japan if only we had the dollars ---and the Yen.

Our bewilderment at the new cars in Japan--no old ones--was cleared up by our taxi driver. The average taxi in Tokyo travels 220 miles per day. At the end of two years they very simply burn them. (I think he really meant scrap them) Auto Licenses are issued each two years and cost for a small car about $30.00 per year. If, at renewal time, the driver has not had an accident, he is given an award of which they are very proud. Accident free taxis fly a small flag on each front fender which says "I hate accidents" --take that from Tohru---I couldn't read it. On blind corners--and 90 per cent of them are--they very often place a convex reflecting mirror which allows the driver to see around the corner.

Animal wise--we saw very few dogs--one cat to my memory--no horses--chickens in battery type hen-houses...very few cattle.

Jan. 1st, 1968---Tohru and wife came by at 1:30 P.M. to take us "downtown". Downtown in reality was going to the temple to make peace with "Buddha". Stores were closed but "Downtown" was a going concern. It reminded me of a large Stateside carnival--that is the area thru which we walked in getting to the Temple. Perhaps, a quarter of a mile long--it was lined on either side by booths selling everything from over-coats and furs to good old-fashioned "Cotton Candy". When I say they were selling everything--I mean just that--toys--balloons--food--roasting ears--candy. And People--yea there were people everywhere. Again it is a case of the inadequacy of words to describe the mob--John took over with the camera. In the back of my mind I couldn't help but equate the conglomeration of people with the mound of maggots that were eating Marie's old white horse that got struck with lightning.

God help those so unfortunate as to lose a show--you just didn't dare bend over to pick it up. On one corner I counted four shoes and a child's boot. So very many wear sandals or clogs (at their very best they are hard to retain) and the casuality list must have been the inspiration for "barefoot boy with cheeks of tan." Perhaps, it was written in Japan.

Mildred and I omitted the temple itself--we waited--but John, Doris, Tohru and wife braved the mobs. John said they were throwing money like mad and scooping it up with scoops in wheel-barrows for transportation. He even opined that Billy Graham could get a lesson from Buddhism.

Dinner in the Emerald Room of the "Okura." Went to roof for a drink and a last look at the Tokyo skyline--bless me--I asked Tohru's wife to dance and she accepted. Fellows, till you have danced with a Japanese doll with a cumber-bund (Doris says 'tis OBI)--well you just haven't danced. She kept saying "Scuse Pliz"--"Sorry"--"You dance very Well"--"You Look Young"--I left with a determination to enroll in the primary. Bryan move over.

Incidentally, before dinner we rescued the remaining portion of the smoked fish from the bathroom (John and Mildred thought that was an appropriate place of storage--kinda like Fort Knox) and with John carving (he cut his thumb and had to have a band-aid) we ate it all. Jettisoned the bones in the waste-basket and took off...for dinner.

Jan 2, 1968

Out of Tokyo at 12:00 sharp on Dutch KLM. Douglas DC 8--very nice plane. Tohru, wife, baby and sister were at airport to see us off. Fuji again in the spotlight--a beautiful sno-capped mountain. Mildred, god bless her, gave me the window seat--and the flight to Manila is 999 per cent over water. Since we arrived at the airport like the China-man's God--"all time broke"....we had to bow and courtsy to Doris--she had money. She allowed us to indulge in a Soda and Scotch for .30 cents each--no more--and we had a very good lunch.

The flight was very smooth and clear--I lost 36 cents to Mildred on "Spite and Malice." But she cheated--new decks of cards that were not shuffled too well--kinda like Bo Janjles Robinson--with bunions. John & Doris slept.

Manila,----86 degrees----and after Tokyo--that was hot. Cleared customs--lim from hotel was there to meet us. Downtown--checked in--on sixth floor. Hardly settled before boy came by and said we were moving to 9th floor--reserved for V.I.P. We made the move as smoothly as any damned Junction V.I.P. would have. God bless their faith--hope we inspired them.

Manila, is quite a town. One could travel an hour and write for eight--you can gather that I have a problem. After getting settled--and that requires at least three very strong Sotch and Skodas--we went down to dinner. Mildred and I had veal--John and Doris "Chicken and Pork." The veal, I am sure, was cut squarely from the but of a Carabao--which, if you don't know--is a Yak like animal which they use for plowing--riding--milking--making shoes--and questionable eating. Our "Veal" was as tough as L.B.J.'s tax proposals.

An afterthought--We bought "Johnnie Walker" for $3.75----"Old Grandad" for $3.25 at airport in Tokyo. After much persuasion I talked Doris into cashing a Traveler's Check to take advantage of the bargain and thus the change left over put her in the driver's seat moneywise.

This typewriter is not only weird--it is fantastic--sometime when you just don't give a damn try a "Hermes."

This morning we rented a car--also a driver--by the name of "Rudy." We drove southward some 35 kilometers (don't ask me what a Kilometer is--I might say "Gram.") all very confusing...to an enchanted inn--overlooking some Volcanos (which are not so very extinct) had a lunch of Fish and Prawn--met a Filipino from Fort Collins, Colo--and--then back to town. Our guide was real interesting--we watched them threshing rice just outside of town--they do it with their feet--pour it from a bowl to the ground to eliminate chaff --and then re-pour it. Stopped to watch a guy plowing with a Carabao and wooden plow. Gave him 2 pesos for his trouble and almost bought a Carabao--

you just would know that we needed one real bad. He even gave me the reins and let me hold the plow. Boy--I thought--the biggest mistake the Burkeys have made since Gettysburgh--I know you can't eat 'em--found out last nite --and I certainly didn't have any bona-fide intentions of finishing that plowing job. Just exactly what would you do with a Carabao? They are certainly not very pretty--they wallow in the mud--and their sex appeal is as unrealistic as a Model T Ford.

We made another stop for Coca-nut wine--fresh from the tree--very potent-- and to my feeble mind--a combination of Castor Oil--Sal Hepatica--and cider. We drank very sparingly. One more stop and 15 (give or take two or three-- 'tis of little consequence) little elves--the eves were covered--the loves were bare--came to a fence along the roadside for picture taking. The Cab driver opined that it was a "chicken farm."--very many progeny. Done in color 'twas inspiring--but the four of us are all on the "Pill"----The water purifying Pill that is--so generously provided by Dr. Gould.

This afternoon late we visited the walled City and "Santiago Fortress." Real impressive--exactly 26 years ago today the Jap Military Police had moved in and taken over.

This Manila thing is something. I remember very well the 1942 broadcasts of the Jap invasion--I look at the "rock"--My bell-boy tells me of the invasion and his family's exodus to the mountains--the spitting cannon-fire of the Japanese dreaded P-38--'tis fantastic that one could have spanned such historical moments. Tonite we are out on the town and "Rudy" is coming back to escort us--two or three spots and then home--don't carry too much cash--the Philippines are a beach-combers paradise. 'Tis not safe--last nite we went outside to the plaza just across from the hotel--"Rojas Blv'd" --Doris--Mildred and I were content to sit and meditate--John walked a block to the left and a Taxi stopped--offered a college girl who would massage-- rub----.....and when he declined (he should have been flattered) they produced--other--more alluring pictures--evidently--she was going for a Doctorate in the arts--at least a Master's. Hey--wouldn't "you like to take a walk?"------in Manila, I mean--on Rojas Blvd.

I have solved one perplexing problem in Manila. I'm sure everyone is familiar with Gillette's "Foamy Shaving Cream" where the cream comes out and then returns to the can all by itself----I had it happen yesterday morning....I'm using "Rise" and it will do the same thing----one look at this hard water and that old lather stuff just crawls back into the can. Now I know where Gillette filmed that picture.

Nite club last nite wasn't much--a three dog and monkey act--was the hi-light. Personally, I get as much kick out of standing on the hotel roof and looking at the harbor----we are about 200 yards from beach and have an unobstructed view. There must be as many as 50 large ships in the harbor.

Hotels in the far East assign a service boy to each floor--service station they call them. Supposedly there is no tipping here in Manila, but it helps --they savy peso. Our afternoon boy is named "Poly"--looks eighteen and says he is 38--married with four children. He is quite talkative--says that his salary is 6 peso per day or roughly $1.50. He allows his wife one dollar of that to run the household. It takes one day's work to purchase a two day supply of rice for his family. They live with his family (which is common and traditional in this country) have no heat bill to pay----no phone--etc. Yesterday we stopped at a road-side tavern and had bottled beer for 50 centavos per bottle. Returning to the hotel we again had the same beer and it was 1.35 per bottle. They really take the hide off of you in these tourist traps. Poly's wife evidently enjoys like savings in her buying of food.

Yesterday, was a trip thru coca-nut groves--rice fields--pine-apple country --and we finally got up to an elevation of 2,500 feet--cool there and a misty rain. Manila, itself, very hot--air-conditioners--running like mad in down-town section.

Jan 4th----4:30 P.M. Back from another day of riding in hired car. Took until almost noon to get our plane tickets straightened out--we were booked on "Cathay" with a two hour stop in Hong Kong--found the flight discontinued so changed to "Air France" direct to Bangkok--about three air hours.

Got underway at twelve noon--to National Cemetery. Row upon row of white marble crosses--an occasional Star of David--designating the Jewish. 17,500 graves and tablets commemorating another 40,000 missing in action. Found only one name that we thought might be familiar. Toured the University of the Filipines--saw a dissenter who had fasted for 23 days--had placard admonishing "Romulus go home to your American Friends."

Someway--somehow we have failed in the Filipines. Everywhere there are soldiers carrying automatic rifles--even on the steps of the University educational buildings. Last nite there was a sign in the nite-club admonishing everyone to check their fire-arms. Rapes are regular--purse snatching rampant--shootings an everyday occurence. Cattle rustling one of their big problems.

Manila goes from the ridiculous to the sublime in the moments entailed in turning a street corner. From narrow torturous streets to wide boulevards are only seconds. Today we were in the newer section--built since the war and evidently financed almost entirely with foreign capital--comprising the most ultra modern street layout--buildings and stores you could envision. Most of the names on the establishments were those of well known American Companies. They just didn't like old Manila, so they moved out about five miles and built from Scratch. It is Grand Junction's Operation Foresight on a Champagne scale. Buildings of 10 to 20 stories--many more under construction----

Construction in Manila exceeds anything that we have yet seen. However, their building techniques are so antiquated that the buildings under construction might very well be obsolete before they are completed.

We were in a grocery store today that is undoubtedly the world's largest. To describe my point--let me say that we bought "Borden's Egg-Nog"----a product which was hard to find in the states. There were exactly 12 check-out stations and the clothing--bakery--bar--liquor store--and several other features were detached.

We had lunch (very light) in a native cafe--all of us ordered sea-food... and beer.

You know, in an aside comment, I love this Manila. The water isn't safe so you drink either beer or Scotch. If someone attempts to rape me--I just couldn't care less.

Water is furnished for drinking in an insulated pitcher. A sign in the bath says very simply "our water comes from deep wells"--your floor station will furnish drinking water.

Doris--this morning had to go to the pot. Swears that the scotch she ordered last nite was nail polish and lacquer. No toilet paper--Mildred made hurry up trip for kleenex.

When I was young and struggling I had one ambition----once I got rich I would have only kleenex in the bathroom--as comforting as "Aunt Jemimah". It sure as hell beats the rotogravure section of a Sears-Roebuck catalog.

Air conditioning (which runs continuously here) builds up a pressure in the room--the hallway is like a furnace---all of which sets up a difference in compression and the room door "POPS" continuously due to the difference in pressure. Sounds like guests at any moment.

Every other woman in Manila is pregnant---every empty taxi-cab a proposition---if you are male and alone on the street.

"Poly" the floor house boy says that the Philippines got their independence about 10 years too soon. Perhaps, they did. I have always felt that time was time---when placed in the proper perspective. Here one can see Ultra-modern ingenuity---and within five minutes roll the hands of time back 500 years. 'Tis a Kaleidoscope of living. Bed time and all too soon. Have been on the roof again trying to assimilate Manila Bay--an impossibly fantastic ambition. Tomorrow--Bangkok and, perhaps, a few over-looked Manila perspectives.

Lew (COPY)

Hotel Filipinas Jan. 5th——Manila in retrospect. IV

While our two days plus here allowed us to hardly break thru the veneer—we did spend $50.00 American dollars on car hire—Rudy (the driver) spoke very good English and we saw what we wanted to see—not a guided tour.

Traffic here moves slower than Tokyo, but there is no order or reason to their patterns. Trucks—busses—cars are old—falling apart—some dating back to 1945. The only bright spot are the "Jeepneys"—a concoction of an automobile that would make P. T. Barnum hide his most gaudy circus wagon and turn over in his grave. In reality it is a hand-made body—mounted on surplus ex-army jeep chassis. Flashing colors—generous amounts of chrome—elaborate hood ornaments (from horses to aeroplanes) the driver's seat is conventional—the back has been extended with a row of seats on either side which will normally seat about ten persons. Since everything here is abnormal it is not unusual to see 15 or twenty clinging precariously to the rear end. The top is a surrey type affair with fringe. The colors are just out of this world. We stopped and watched one of the many factories making this concoction of transportation. The bodies are hand made—laboriously cut metal sheets—much hand hammering to shape—acetylene and electric welders flashing like Kansas fire-flies. The extended frames were stacked everywhere (evidently shop made)—old jeeps were brought in—new frame attached and they went from there. After the application of an item—fenders—hood etc., they were bodily picked up by a crew of men and transported to the next station for a further application of—say—fenders. The method is crude—the results astonishing. I want to tell you that a person could really create a sensation in Ouray or Silverton with one of them. Anyway the streets are literally full of them—they operate as privately operated busses for public transportation. 80 per cent of the traffic here represents either a taxi or Jeepney. They do drive on the right side of the road, but making a turn or crossing a main artery of traffic is just plain murder—they inch forward slowly—all the time blowing their horn and when someone finally "Chickens out" they apply the gas and dash madly into the torrent. Best you close your eyes. Wrecks here are common....in Japan we saw only one.

Everything about Manila needs scrubbing. Garbage is dumped in the streets—windows are dirty (even in this hotel)—everywhere you look the streets and curbs are filled with loafing humanity. Ditches are being dug by hand (no heavy equipment)—the wage scale is very low—this country is ripe for communism. Anything large and/or white is called "American."

According to the paper their police are corrupt and I believe it. This country could very well be our next "Viet-Nam."

The American branch of "Aid" is across the alley from our hotel—the American Embassy across the street. We do things first class—we Americans. The streets around both are full of large black cars with the car tops painted a bright white. Gov't stores dispense rice to the needy under an aid program—limited as to daily amounts per person.

Service in the hotel isn't good. There is no toilet paper unless you ask. The toilet will finally clean itself after flushing every minute on the minute for 15 minutes. Air conditioning does work.

Jan. 5th, 1968——Viet-Nam from 33,000 feet

From Manila to Bangkok the flight is 99 per cent over water. We hit the coast of Viet-Nam about 2:30——a rough hilly country with little evidence of any farming. The day was clear and we had a good view of the terrain. One major hi-way along the coast and another further inland. Both running north and south—all hi-ways do in South-east Asia (due to river drainages)

'tis cheaper to follow them than to cross them. Occasionally we could see smoke--perhaps, artillery fire. No other air-craft. We four Americans on board were the only ones even presuming to look below. The French crew couldn't have been less interested. Several small hills showed evidence of shell fire--cratered. Saw one large army complex shortly after crossing the coast. Unless one read the papers you would have never known that there was a war going on down there.

John got to trading "Colored Polaroids" to the crew for Scotch. He traded enough before we got to Bangkok that the arithmetic got confusing--first it was a picture for a drink and so forth. Another crew member would come by and want to be included--he kept obliging--his supply of flash bulbs seems inexhaustible--we kept drinking scotch--the french hostess got cuter --and just before landing we were trying to divide three into two--and we couldn't speak french at all--in fact our English wasn't too good by that time.

Anyway we were met at the airport by Jim and Marion. Will by-pass our stay in Bangkok till we get on the ship. Some things will just have to wait. I took notes to refresh my memory--just in case.

A few by-notes: In international travel we have found that you spend at least one-third of the time telling people where you were born--where you are going to stay--duration of visit--intention of rape or mayhem. Then, too, you must pack and unpack. Our luggage is getting more pregnant each day--will so long as we allow Doris and Mildred to have any Pesos--Baught--or Yens.

Shipped a lot of clothes home from Bangkok--but is still the eighth month of pregnancy so far as the suit-case shutter-upper is concerned. Unlock a suit-case and run for your life----they explode----kinda like dynamite.

You should see us--in the middle of an airport--in front of God--Buddha and the general public trying to get one of the damned things locked again.

Other than suit-cases I'm doing fine. Haven't broken a finger-nail in a week and picked the last sliver out of my hands this morning. Adios------

Dinner at ten tonite with Alex Lee (The Chinese) and a floor show, too.

Jan. 8th, '68 — 7:30 P.M.

"When you live with the devil.....you do as the devil." A. Mr. Y. L. Lee, (Alex) came to the hotel tonite----typically Chinese....friend and representative for Claire Higson, here in Singapore.

A very interesting fellow with exceptional English vocab. We asked many direct questions and the opening statement was in reply to our question of how "Singapore" felt toward the eastern Asia Situation.

Singapore is a republic--an island--population approximately 2 million. Apparently any time they have 15 square miles of territory in the far east they immediately squeeze 2 million (minimum) within the confines----damn the pill.

Malaysia (proper) is composed of 7 provinces, or counties, and from the elected rulers of each of those provinces the head of state is elected. Quite Democratic, kinda like picking the best of our 50 governors.

Singapore trades with everyone--Red China included. They average 24,000 ships per year in their port authority.

Average wage is $4.00--their money and remember the exchange rate is three to one (American)--or approximately $1.33 per day. They have no sales tax

--it is unthinkable. Taxes are on income and must be paid by July 1st of following year. The Government has built many low rent housing units--usually 6 to 8 stories high--long and narrow so that either side has a view. Rents average from $40.00 per month to $120.00--still their money. The average unit has three to four rooms--no bath--it is a community affair and at the end of the hall. They have workman's Comp---but have no with-holding plan. If the income tax due is not paid the gov't sends a notice to the employer asking that he "Please deduct from wages the amount in arrears."

Education in the primary grades is free--any further education is a tuition arrangement which the parent must pay for.

Bathroom in hotel works real good--the rooms are large--carpeted and good. There is an extra two days supply of toilet tissue in the bathroom. You can drink the tap water with assurance--one of the few cities in south-east Asia where you can do so.

Alex, was concerned about the U.S. Dollar. Devaluation of the English pound has had a profound impact upon their economy. Gold ("22 Karat" is quoted in tonite's paper at $122.00 per ounce) and L.B.J. is selling it for $36.00.

Concerning our effort in Viet-Nam---he thinks that if we withdraw---communism will sweep the entire peninsula. Furthermore he thought the war would continue for years--no end in sight--but that it must be fought. I explained that it was a matter of national pride--that we had never been defeated---and that we could not withdraw. He agreed and sanctioned the thought. Singapore has no military defense--they rely on us and others like us for security. As he put it "we need them as well as they need us."

* * * * Jan. 9, '68 * * * * * *

'tis a travesty on my better judgment, but I had to come to Singapore to find out that I have been cheated for 57 years by my American barber friends. You can tell Haley and Ross for me, that there will be some reformations and several innovations when I get home.

This afternoon I had to get a hair-cut. With some temerity I pushed open a glass door and three smiling barbers arose and bowed. By proclamation and insistence, they ushered me into the front chair. The largest bottle in sight was "Vitalis."

The man said "medium." I agreed. There was no suffering a political crisis---no baseball chatter--just the agonized grunt of a pair of hand clippers (used sparingly) and then the snip--snip of scissors. In fact he used not one--not two, but three separate and distinct pairs. Each had a different sound and, evidently, purpose. All three barbers had straight hair--with a great deal of reluctance they finally agreed (when I insisted) that some of the curl be taken off the top.

The shearing finished--a brush was produced--some Holestein thin lather applied, and I was dutifully shaved.

Then came the Coup-d-gra----my shoulders were popped--my back was pummeled and as a final gesture he struck a "Karate" blow just at the base of my neck. As a matter of sportsmanship or to appease me--I was then offered cigarettes.

Next came a generous application of tonic--not in little dabs such as one would expect from the "Federal Rat Extermination Program"--rather generous hand-fuls vigorously applied--I was offered a massage of the scalp--no charge

I arose--paid $1.33 (American) Bowed dutifully and departed. Remember no conversation.

Goodwood Hotel - Singapore Jan. 8th

Up early---Jim and wife took us to airport. Paid 20 Baht port fee and left aboard Thai Orchid flight. We had a 30 minute stop in Kuala Lumpur where we cashed traveler's checks for American money. We got $96.00 American currency for each $100.00 check---a flat four per cent discount. We were served twice during the 3 hour flight; this airline concentrates on getting one fat. All lady passengers were given Orchids and fans.

The first of the flight was over water and when we finally sighted land it was mostly heavy jungle. The Upper part of the Malay peninsula is only about 2 per cent under cultivation. After Kuala Lumpur (where they had a very modern and beautiful airport) the country soon changed. Rubber plantations below and the pattern of the trees resembled nothing more than a good old Tufted Bed-Spread---swirls and curls. Many of the open fields were on terraced hillsides. There were many rivers and evidences of roads. The last hour was above a cloud cover. Finally broke through and Singapore was below. The Harbor literally full of ships; the roofs very colorful.

Taxis were small and we had to take two to get to the hotel with all of our baggage. The road signs, store names, etc. once again in good old English---like e.g. (no overtaking) for no passing. Checked into a beautiful hotel (Goodwood), met Alex Lee (very interesting) and out to dinner with him. Good food and a floor show. Danced to a good 6 piece live band playing all of our old nostalgic American tunes.

To bed early; up at 9:00, ordered coffee and got our mail. Letter from Ferne Cowan, Jacksons and Crosses.

Jan. 9th -- Then lightning struck -- also notes to call two air-lines. Due to strike in London two days ago our scheduled flight was cancelled. Spent morning working out our best alternative which calls for us to leave Singapore tonight at 7:00 and arrive in Perth at midnight. We just didn't like it a bit; this appears to be a most interesting town and we are cut to 24 hours.

Morning paper head-line "Withdrawal of British Troops." Frankly, Singapore and Malaysia proper have no army. They depend upon the British and if they withdraw they have no protection whatsoever. As Alex Lee said last night, anyone could take Singapore if they wished, surmising that the British withdraw. Singapore Government frankly states that the price of trade with them is to remain as protector....otherwise they will entertain Japanese overtures.

This is not only the problem in Singapore; the entire Far East is in the same boat. Japan has no army; the Philippine army is very corrupt; Thailand has an army of 140,000 men; Malaysia and Singapore only token armies. They are spending their money on internal improvements and the U. S. and British are doing the protecting. A withdrawal of either would open the entire area to communism. The price of commercial trade with this area hinges on Protection.

Like it or not, our Government had best let the Japanese re-arm as quickly as possible and assume some of the responsibility here in Asia. They are the one nation with the understanding, the efficiency to get the job done.

Responsible people in the Philippines flatly stated that we gave them their independence ten years too soon....I would rather think it would approximate 50 years.

Rain today, Jan. 9th, still raining 2:00 P.M. Have Hertz car rented, with driver; will crowd our Singapore itinerary into three hours.

Hotel Esplanade Pty. Ltd., Perth, W. A. Jan. 11

Relish this letter---typewriter rent was $4.00 per day---no air-mail stationery---postage will approximate $2.00---I just had breakfast and I'm not in the best of moods---more later on that.

Singapore was cut short by air-line strike. We either got out the night of the 9th, or be assigned to "Stand-by status" for later questionable transportation. We took the flight with much regret. That is one town that I would have loved to spend a week in. We did hire a cab for the afternoon of the 9th and toured in a driving rain. Impossible to get out and walk but since the island itself is only about 15 x 15 miles we did cover most of it. Again we had a very good driver---excellent English---and gleaned the following:

Only about 1/3 of the children go to school; first six years are free and further education costs $4.00 per mo. In the first six grades they must wear uniforms which is predicated on the thought that class differences will thus be eliminated. There are many schools and churches, financed and taught by U. S. churches, mainly Methodist, Catholic, 7th Day Adventist. They gained their full independence from the British in 1957 and are separate from Malaysia proper. However, the currencies of the two countries circulate without discrimination. They have no Negroes. About 80% of the population is Chinese, the rest hodge-podge. The Government is building many hi-rise apts...two units wide so that each will have porches (so far as I could see, used for drying laundry). Many of the occupants are recruited from the hinter-lands and they just don't understand how to live in a house. Consequently, the gov't sends an inspector around regularly to see that they make proper use of the facilities provided. Many apts. are of the condominium type which allows the occupant to purchase, but in most cases they must be in the lower income bracket to qualify---five hundred Singapore dollars per month or less. Many more apts. are furnished rent free to police, firemen, dock workers, gov't employees. Singapore was founded in 1819---a fishing village of 50 and is now over two million of which 50% are under 21 years of age.

Singapore is one of the largest ports in the world, 4th or 5th. Average income is $500.00 per year which is entirely out of line with living costs. There are no parking meters, but private parking is available at about 13 cents per hr. They have 11 hospitals of importance, the largest having over 2,000 beds and a doctor for each 2,000 residents. Singapore is connected to Bangkok by a narrow gauge, wood burning rail line. Gasoline is $2.10 per gal. of which $1.30 is tax. They have 600 schools and are building an average of one new one each month. Singapore freely translated means "City of Lions." Many flowers and they are particularly proud of their Orchids. They get 90 inches of rain a year to which we can attest---is poured. Highest elevation on island is about 500 feet and this town is home of the "Tiger Balm" king---a patent medicine on which he made a fortune and along the way collected 4 wives.

This typewriter is Swedish and just in case you are questioning the small "o"---there is nothing larger provided on the key-board, but we do have some # # # in case you might have a market for them.

Lee Quan Yew is P. Minister and has been for 8 years. They have only the one political party simply they like the gov't they are getting and competing parties just don't have a chance. There are about 29,000 British soldiers stationed there---they have little or no army of their own---also British subs patrol the Indian Ocean and regularly stop for supplies and to make their shadows evident. The big political problem in this area at this time is the decision of the British to withdraw all troops within two years; they can no longer afford to maintain them here.

Originally, this withdrawal was set for mid 1970's---if they do it any sooner, then this entire area is a sitting duck so far as defenses are concerned. The Grand Jct. Nat'l Guard unit could take over in Singapore. The entire Malaysian peninsula was so backward that something had to be done to improve living conditions. Consequently, the entire budget is going for things that are necessary and for many more things that tinge of Socialism, perhaps even further than that. If only we could eliminate defense from our budget.

Remember Hoover offered "a chicken in every pot and a car in each garage" ---that is the philosophy here. Aside---Hoover was in the Far East for several years. The taxi driver in Singapore thought that British withdrawal would create unemployment; about 40,000 civilians are working for the British. However, Alex Lee (Singapore businessman) with whom we talked and enjoyed, had the true picture. He knew that communists were in the city perhaps not in strong numbers, but nevertheless there, and if Singapore was left with no army things might rapidly change. Lee Quan Yew is even talking of leasing the vast British installment to the Japanese if there is a sudden withdrawal. Lee was in Washington last fall and it is no secret here that he made a proposition to the U. S. to take over. However, they had their experiences with the British for a century and a half and they do not intend to pay such a price again. Alex Lee said they would welcome the U. S., but that it must be an "Above-board deal." Meaning that they would accept U. S. aid, but that it must be couched in terms that would allow them to pay it back, much as a bank loan. Incidentally, interest rates in Singapore are 8% up.

Like it or not we must have a "Buffer Nation" here in the Far East if the present balance is to be maintained. Japan as a first rate nation could do that job. It was only after Japan was subdued by the U. S. that trouble really began. Oh, there was trouble before---lots of it---but the Japs just very casually kicked the hell out of the trouble makers---Chinese ---Russians, etc. and things returned to normal. That is a decision that must be made by the U. S. very shortly. Like the British we will be finding that we can no longer provide that umbrella of protection. Frankly, I think that captured territories should be returned Japan at once to woo their friendship, and then let them begin re-arming immediately. They have the most of the best of any nation we have visited.

Enough political dissertations. Back to the hotel---checked out at 5:00 (I did it---the o---I capitalized) ---to airport and another visit with Alex Lee. Took an hour to clear customs. I again asserted that I was married, in the lumber business, lived in U.S.A.---and the girl with the wig (frowsy by now) was a distant acquaintance.

Visiting with Alex at the airport we found that they will have elections in Singapore this coming July. They elect each four years. Land in Singapore is about 50,000 dollars per acre for the worst and graduates upward for business locations. We sat in the bar and had a couple of drinks; I liked Alex very much. He told us a good story about the Jap occupation. He was living up country at the time and was about 17 years old. Remind me and I'll tell you about him almost getting his head cut off with a Samuri Sword.

Sinkit was empty so we went to tax-free liquor station and bought a permit for J. Walker and J. Beam---$6.00 for both---but they only gave us a slip. When boarding the plane the liquor was delivered; they take no chances since liquor carries a 100 per cent tax in Singapore. Made it through customs to a crowded B.O.A.C. plane (Bring Over American Cash Line) so Alex said. I was next to a gal from Edinburgh, Scotland; Doris and John drew a Catholic Priest from Ireland. Three seats on each side, you see.

The girl, Loontain by name, was going to Melbourne. Had boarded plane at London 3:00 previous day. Her husband was a sheet-metal worker and she was upset about the devaluation of the pound...said things in Britain cost much more but that wages had not gone up.

Doris treated again--Scotch and Champagne--the meal was very good, but air was roughest we have encountered for the first hour. We crossed the Equator about 20 minutes out--at 36,000 feet. Doris, John and I slept; Mildred, having the outside seat, was awake due to people trotting back and forth. Arrived at Perth about 1:00. We had to stay in our seats after landing while a guy walked down the aisle with a "can of bug spray" in each hand with the cap fully depressed. Damn--I was glad it wasn't shaving cream. After about five minutes for assimilating the darned stuff and to make sure that everyone's eyes were smarting--we were allowed to get off. Through customs they opened only one bag--guess who--John's. I've contended for years that an honest, friendly face pays off. Really, they were intrigued by the combination lock.

The change of planes necessitated a change of hotels. We were in Perth: 77 degrees, slight breeze and 24 hours early. The air-line made arrangements to check us in at the Adelphi. 'Twasn't much, let me tell you. Reminiscent of the Sheridan--in Telluride. But, being two in the morning, we went to bed. Nine hours since leaving Singapore--divided equally between travel and customs clearance--taxis and hotel check-outs and ins. That is typical of the travel in this country, and they handle baggage here much faster than in the States.

I didn't get to sleep for an hour or so--just lying there thinking--have you ever been 12,500 miles from home? I don't want to walk back; neither would I care to swim.

I got up early the next morning to take a bath that I really didn't need. I just wanted to see the water leave the tub clock-wise--by golly it does, too. These bathrooms in Perth merit some description. There is a spray gun on the floor to fight the flies that are rampant here. John says, "What kind of flies?"--I reply "Hungry ones." Little--stupid (you can swat em with a bare hand) but tenacious. Anyway to get back to the bathroom--the toilet is about three inches higher than those in the States and is actuated by a man-sized handle protruding from the water enclosure. It is a going machine; the swoosh of the water greatly resembles the decompression of a jet plane. The name plate is "Brent" so it can't be very bad. Seems that "Brent" makes most of the plumbing fixtures here.

The toilet paper is as slick as a "Daily Sentinel Editorial." I'll enclose some. The bath tub is narrow--deep enough for baptismal services (where they dip the converts) and has a plug on a chain that is about the size of an Emily Post style pancake. There is a fine chance of one getting stuck there. The water was very hot--thank heavens. No mixing faucet--one each for cold and hot. The shower head was suspended idrectly above the middle of the tub and about 7 feet high. Occasionally, there was a drop of cold water from the shower as I was bathing--apparently chiding me for not standing up and getting thoroughly soaked. The shaving mirror was at a height that allowed me to barely see the bottom of my chin--short people just don't apply or else get a box. Evidently, by placing a mirror at that height they can more easily determine the beginner's shaving age. Might explain all of those bearded people in the airport last night....they just couldn't see themselves in the mirror.

We changed to the Hotel Esplanade at noon--no better--but the elevator here does work after a fashion...the other hotel's was out of order. John and I walked about town from about ten until one o'clock. Mim and Doris

stayed at hotel. We came back, had a beer with them, rented a car and drove for three hours. Perth is a city which has blossomed since the advent of the auto. For the most part the streets are wide—many new ones—built since war—are four laned—and since they have lots of land there are many parks, golf courses, lawn bowling, and the residential yards are large. They have a semi-tropical climate, never getting colder than about 39 degrees above. Palm trees and millions of flowers—many, many gladiolus. Apparently they are at their best right now and are used freely as decorations. Last night at dinner in the hotel dining room (where you must wear a tie) the table vases were filled with carnations. Things are not cheap here in Perth. We were in a super-market at a shopping center and chickens were 65¢ per pound...eggs about 50¢ per doz. Beef, mutton, pork were about what we would pay at home. It is mid-summer here now—low last night was 60 and high today 85. Quite comfortable. This country being young we have escaped from the cultural and temple brain-washing. Instead we are enjoying the bikinis (at the beach yesterday) and the very many mini skirts. In fact the latter are so short over here they just call 'em min skirts.

After almost two days in Australia, I find it much like having smallpox; either you can have it or be vaccinated. Personally, I have had it. I wouldn't miss it for the world (this portion, I mean) but having been there, the vaccination took. Frankly, the food is terrible...don't worry Phil, I shan't starve—will be home for more corn meal mush one of these days—but I would prefer baked heart and shell macaroni snadwiches to the best the dining room (with all of its formality) has to offer. John's gall-bladder would make a riot at San Quentin look like one of Jan's tea parties. This morning we ordered breakfast in the room (Mildred finally had breakfast in bed and she did the ordering). We had scrambled eggs, bacon, toast, coffee and orange juice. The eggs very much resembled an omelet—the bacon was fat—the orange juice could have had paprika added (something, anyway) and the coffee made me swear off coffee for the duration. Oh yes, at 7:00 this morning they knocked on the door with tea and crackers—I was shaving sans clothes, so Mim had to get up and accept the gracious thought. The tea was hot and good—but no more coffee. 'Tis a concoction that only the devil himself could think of—add dirty dish-water—and you would have the recipe. Hot water added (and they provide a pot of that) just doesn't help. It goes back further than that; John thinks it has something to do with the roasting of the coffee bean——I might suggest that it goes back to Adam & Eve. (Me and this Swedish typewriter)

We drove again this afternoon—went to look at one of their prized projects: a dam on a river just over the first ridge of the "Darling Range of Mountains." The Darling Range reaches an elevation of 1,300 feet, but the man assured us that they had a mountain of 1,800 feet just miles to the east. That taxi driver was the windiest human that I have ever encountered—he is just a misplaced Texan with a Jet Engine attached to his ego. Three hours—90 Miles and the charge: $9.00....he shoulda paid us for listening to his stories. I did learn, however:

That Perth was the most isolated Capitol on earth (that I believe). The Gov't owns and operates the bus system and rail system—at a handsome loss each year. They also operate a banking system; one may deposit, borrow and transact all banking at a Gov't bank. They also franchise private banks in direct competition to the Gov't bank. A new three bedroom home in Perth is selling for about $9,000.00 (American money). They do have condominium apts. Across the street from the hotel a huge circus tent is going up (Moscow Circus)—largest tent in the world seating 6,500 people—opens the 17th of Jan. Get your tickets now. Atop the tent poles

three large red flags are flying. I should have said four flags. Told John that if he wanted to create an international incident--just go over and cut the tent ropes.

Before I forget it--when we got in the other night, Mildred opened her make-up bag and guess what----Her hair spray had exploded. Seems that the baggage compartment had not been pressurized. 'Twas quite a mess, but much better than Pine-apple Preserves or Honey.

Perth, the city of light, is the town that turned on every light for the memorable "John Glenn" flight. He saw it--and it is entirely reasonable--there is nothing else on this western portion of Australia. These Aussies are peculiar to say the least. Frankly, I can communicate with them, but not a whole lot better than with the Japs. The Japs are a gesturing--waving--sorta people. Where language fails, the old "boy knows girl" takes over. Aussies are reserved--and their phrases and nomenclature are out of this world. If you can understand the words, you don't get the idea. Did you ever hear of "Scalded Cream"----"Trot Guide"--or a "Panel Beater"? Neither have I. Frankly, I doubt that John, Doris or Mildred are enchanted----they are out on the portico playing Spite and Malice and just like dumping the garbage----one can do that at home. About noon we sent Mildred down to procure four bottles of beer ----they had been serving it in 6 oz. glasses--so we advised four bottles on the portico. Mildred obliged and we got four 22 oz. bottles--damned near a fifth of beer each. Before it was gone we had to replenish the ice...total cost $4.00. Tomorrow we leave for the East Coast--some six hours of flying. Perhaps, will be better. Tonight we are skipping the dining room with all of its formality and going hunting--guess what--for a hamburger and choc. malt. The woman just came in and wanted to make the beds down----I shooed her off with the admonition that we could "do ourselves." The Swan river runs just in front of the hotel and 'tis quite a stream----a good quarter of a mile wide----but I can't see the river for the "Min Skirts." Must join the S/M game now moved inside to the air-cooler. Reached 95 today.

C O P Y

Canberra Rex Hotel — Australia

Perth: Jan. 12, 1968

The most surprising thing in Perth was the long hours of sunshine—sun-up about 4:30—down at 8:30 or 9:00. We got out of the hotel about 8:30 A.M (we'd had enough of the hotel dining room and decided to just plain look for breakfast.) Finally wound up in a 5 & 10—mammoth store. Took the escalator up to second floor to an even larger restaurant. There were three separate grills—finally found the one serving breakfast—cafeteria style. We all settled on bacon & eggs (ordered bacon crisp and got our eggs that way). Orange juice which was much like "Tang." Doris worked up enough nerve to order coffee and one cup sufficed for the four of us. These "Aussies drink very little alcoholic beverages, mostly Black Swan beer" which is little better than their coffee. If good American Bourbon happened to get in a stomach already occupied by their version of coffee it just wouldn't stay there very long.

Now, Phil, don't question the odor of the type, nor the errors——I'm in Canberra—catching my notes up—and this is a Remington International typewriter—borrowed from the desk and must be returned tonight.

After breakfast we sat in the park for awhile but those hungry flies and the 95 degree temp. drove us back to the hotel about 10:30. Had a bottle of beer tween the four of us this time. Checked out at 11:30 for airport—sat in an air-conditioned bar waiting on plane—out of Perth at 1:00 P.M. Fan-Jet——1,750 miles to Melbourne. We had drinkable coffee and sandwiches which were of a variety and quite good. I suggested to John that we purchase a return ticket immediately in order to take advantage of the food.

It was a very clear day and we had good visual inspection of Western Australia. For the first 15 minutes the pattern below was very much like Kansas—neatly arranged farms laid out in rectangular patterns. It soon changed however; Western Australia is about as flat as a customer's suggestion that they return some slightly used merchandise for cash. Occasional dirt roads were in evidence—an occasional dirt landing strip —for small air-craft—otherwise just terrain. Australia has only twelve million population—and judging from the air, I doubt that they could support many more. They forgot to tell us in Perth, but we must stop in Adelaide and change planes—had about 45 minutes there. Flies still hungry—they must never feed them over here unless it is on an American Tourist. There is only one trans-continental hi-way from Perth to the Eastern part of Aust. and that is not fully paved. 500 miles of dirt—left—muddy or dusty. Flew over Spencer Gulf—stop the press—there is a geographical error on most maps. The coast zigs—where the maps say it zags. Paul—look again. We could see Lake Gairdner—at least 80 miles to the north—we were that high. Adelaide at 5:10—we have lost an hour time-wise—68 degrees and a multitude of people. In Aust. people must fly if they want to get anywhere...just no roads.

Adelaide airport was covered with jack-rabbits—a gift from America. The terminal was as busy as a strip-tease on Sat. nite. No bar (dammit)—we made the plane change.

Into Melbourne at 8:00 P.M. (lost another hour). Irene & June were at the airport to meet us (school-teachers) and such jumping—hugging—kissing——I lined up for seconds and they didn't know the difference. These Aussies are a very impulsive and demonstrative people. June's sister and brother-in-law were there, too. He, Don, had a station wagon in which we put the luggage; we rented a taxi and went to the Southern Cross Hotel. Picked up the mail (which had arrived before the strike)

went up to the room and worked on the "Sin-Kit." Even ordered another bottle from the bar. Finally went to Coffee Shop for American style Cheese-burgers....@ $1.35 each. Australia is not cheap. Going into the lobby the desk clerk advised us that a business partner had checked in---Uncle Joe Bancroft---of Lemco fame. The girls left and we visited with Joe until after 1:00 A.M. Joe is on the same floor and just three doors down the hall. He is here for the wedding of a niece.

Jan. 13th. I got up early and washed my hair, bathed, shaved---water is very soft--finally got soap out of my hair in the bath-tub. To breakfast at 8:30. The hotel here is excellent in every respect--charges included. I ordered hot-cakes and they were terrible; Mildred ordered rolls and coffee and got a plain bun. Doris braved the eggs and bacon--John, waffles. He said he sure liked the syrup. We went down-town shopping again and discovered something...if we lost either Mim or Doris we merely got down on our knees and looked---when a skirt lower than mid-thigh appeared, we claimed the merchandise. You fellers would like Australia --it is more daring than an 1890 bathing suit....why the flies would bother me when they have all of that other stuff to work on, I wouldn't know.

There are many Arcades in the shopping sections of Australia--Perth, Melbourne, wherever we have been. A walk-thru arrangement in each block with many small shops on either side. Quite a nice arrangement. Melbourne is a city of 2 million, covering an area of 900 sq. miles--30 miles across. There are many parks and lots of new houses--few apartments. Each house sits on a good sized lot which accounts for its sprawling size. Merchandise in the shops is high; the only thing we saw which you could class as a bargain was "Carpeting." They produce a lot of wool and consequently wool carpets are cheaper than the price of a cheap Nylon in the States.

June, Irene, June's Aunt Norah and niece came by at noon and took us for a ride--also Irene's father and mother. Jim (her dad) had rented a car in order that he could show us around. It was quite eventful. These people just don't travel...we went first to the mountains--2,000 feet in elevation--for lunch and much picture taking. A beautiful place--shrubs --lawns and flowers.

Coming back from the mountains we had to go cross country to June's Aunt and Uncle's (Betty & Charlie) on the sea-coast. A distance of, perhaps, 30 miles. It was actually funny. We got out road maps--read--re-read them--got on paved roads not 12 feet wide...turned around--turned around again---Kit Carson in 1820 going from St. Louis to Pikes Peak was no more perplexed. They have lived in Melbourne since 1949, but had made that same trip only two or three times. We finally found route 9 and made it to Charlie & Betty's. They were a lovely couple, retired, nice home with a dedicated zeal for entertaining Americans they had never met before. We had all of those nice small things--can't spell hors d'oeuvre--and then Lobster--salad--the works all intermingled with good beer and scotch. They have a "Bitter Beer" in Melbourne and two ordinary bottles are a "whole bundh of beer." Finally broke away and got back to hotel at 10:30. Directly to bed and didn't get up until 9:00---

Sunday the 14th.

Breakfast (a soggy waffle) and the waitress smiled when I ordered it. They eat waffles and hot-cakes here of an evening only. Incidentally, we saw a chap eating waffles--ice cream and caramel dip the other day. That is the way they usually serve waffles here. Dewyanaw?

Visited with Joe Bancroft for awhile--read the paper and it was time to get to the airport. Prop-Jet. All of the Aussie friends were there to

see us off—much waving, picture taking, etc. Time for two beers and we were in Canberra—Can-bra (you understand "Bra") the way the Aussies pronounce it. This is the capitol—a planned city—which we haven't as yet seen. The hotel itself is new, very modern and I'm sure, very expensive. The bell boy has a very desultory look on his face and is not at all appreciative of our American buoyancy. Perhaps he, too, is bothered by those pesky flies; they are innumerable here and tending toward cannibalism. Talked to a guy in the lobby from L. A. and he said they had seen the city this morning—'tis only 120,000. Airport is about ¼ the size of Grand Jct. Smallest that we have been in, but still crowded.

MAIL STRIKE IS STILL ON AND THREATENING TO SPREAD.

Today is cool and the flight over was through almost clear skies. Aust. does have a few mountains in this portion—nothing over 7,000'—barren looking below. They do have their problems.

Australian Observations: Our American contemporaries here in Aust. are mostly elderly on conducted tours. This morning in the Melbourne Coffee Shop there was a tour from America—in the 70's—I would say from about the Iowa section—perhaps 30 couples of them.

If we Americans could export our Democracy as well as we have our music in the Far East and Australia, we would have it made.

New construction in Melbourne is mostly in housing. From the hotel window we can see only two new office buildings under construction...nothing like Tokyo, Manila, Honolulu, Singapore or Bangkok. A new three bedroom house in Melbourne is selling for about $9,000...but you must have $4,000.00 in cash for a down payment. Interest on the balance is 7%; and the lot portion of the house will be about $4,000.00. Too, after you buy the house you will find that they did not include the garage, the wiring, light fixtures, heating, etc. Therefore, you must dig up an additional $2,000.00 to finish the house before you can live in it. Central heating has not been the practice in this portion of Australia—the climate is very mild—but of late they are coming to electric heat—Gold Medallion Homes.

Phyllis, in case you are wondering—we were in Bangkok and it was like a fairy book. So much to see that I just took notes—then, God bless me, I lost them. Will write that on the ship from memory—I hope.

Spite & Malice in room 116—John, Doris and Mim. Guess I'll go join them. They are playing for 20¢ per game. They have no quarters or half-dollars in their money here.

Just one more comment. The bath here is very modern—dressing table—mirror—and wash basin—with the stool in front of the dressing table. To flush the stool you just lean back——the button is there and the pressure of the lid does the job. If you didn't bother to raise the lid——well, you shouldn't have gone, anyway.

Incidentally, we brought electric iron & hair dryer (which I have been privileged to carry) and everything in the Far East is 240 volt—3 phase—our equipment is 110 volt.

Flying from Melbourne to Canberra yesterday we couldn't help but notice the lack of reclamation projects. We have more lakes and dams on the upper Colorado than we have seen in Aust. We did see the City Water Supply at Perth—called Serpentine Dam covering slightly over 3,000 acres—but otherwise they have been few and small.

The Unions here are very strong—extending to all Gov't employees. The mail strike on now is being pushed by the postal workers' union. One man was fired in Sydney for not re-tieing a loose package and the entire

postal force walked out. One taxi driver we had was very vehement in his union ideas.

Believe it or not, Australia, too, is worried about balance of payments. Every nation we have been in is buying more than they are selling—tax increases are imminent—austerity programs a must.

They have a new deal on liquor over here. It is packed in 22 oz. containers—approx. 1/6 gal.

This hotel is new—nice—and complete. T.V.—radio—electric Jug—kleenex—refrig—phone—everything but a concubine. 450 rooms and I doubt if there are half of them filled. The porter is non-committal—only bad feature.

This electric jug (and I imagine you are wondering) is a device which may be plugged into a socket in the bath for making either tea or coffee (both of which are furnished). The heating element is plainly visible in the bottom of the jug and it boils in a jiffy. Coffee is "Nescafe Instant." Powdered milk and sugar included in the larder.

The luggage which we are using was purchased from Blish-Mize. Arriving in Canberra yesterday we had three bags open. Don't get excited but I lost a pair of shorts in the melee. Doris' bag was secured with about ten feet of rope which she has agreed to split three ways—a chunk for each of us. That Doris is a pal; anyone who would divide her rope just has to be a good gal. Air travel is hard on luggage—will be worn out by the time we get home.

Today we are getting cleaned and pressed and laundered—lady was just here—if we can get Mim & Doris out of bath-tubs we will tour Canberra.

This town of Canberra is isolated—inland and small. When we were at Charlie's in Melbourne, he asked if we were coming up here to buy the town—evidently the Aussies themselves wonder why it was ever built. Today we will look it over. I understand that it is for sale.

C O P Y

Canberra — Jan. 15, 1968

"Weather forecast——Cool with flies." Swat one...swat two...there are multitudes of them. Smaller than the American house fly, but I think that I have an explanation for their size. In a country so vast as Australia, with a scant 12,000,000 population, they just don't have enough people to eat on——they are stunted. Swat another.

A cursory examination of Canberra explained to me, anyway, why the rest of Australia is irked with the fledgling city. Started in 1927, Canberra was the mutual concession between Sydney and Melbourne as to the location of a new capital. Built with dogged British determination and tax money, it is symbolic of what any nation could do with access to the treasury. Planned by an American——assisted by periodical visits by landscape engineers from the states——it very greatly resembles Washington D. C. Today it is a city of some 120,000 and growing at the rate of 10,000 per year. Built within the segments of a triangle——each side of about 3 miles——the Capitol itself is an imposing building to which all streets within the triangle lead. The most mentioned word is "symmetrical"——they should add "geometrical." Swat a fly.

When one building is completed they immediately build a duplicate——plan reversed——and just opposite the first one. Everything must balance—— needed or not. The Gov't is spending at the rate of $50 million per year on their model city——thus the rest of Australia is "irked."

Roads are wide——four or six lane——with plenty of right-a-way for expansion. Each empty space is planned——committed——and an integral part of the master plan. Given time they will have a Washington that will shame Washington, itself. Swat two flies.

We visited the "War Memorial"——an imposing building constructed to commemorate chiefly World War Two. However, it depicts the historical wars in which the Aussies have been involved. Rather than our allotted two hours or so, one could very easily spend a week there if really dedicated to reading the compiled information. Twas very interesting. We commented on the spacious lawn of some five acres fronting the memorial itself and were told that it was planted overnite in anticipation of a visit of Pres. Johnson.

The various embassies are in one planned section——rather than being scattered helter skelter——as in most capitals. Needn't worry, fellows, the United States is traveling first class with a brick replica of Monticello (Tom Jefferson) and a very lovely residence just in back. At the time of our visit we had no ambassador in residence.

We got a view of our first Kangaroo——Gov't Sanctuary——and just like the man who told Virginia "yes, there is a Santa Claus"——there are Kangaroos in Australia. Even a baby one in mama's pouch——nothing but the head protruding.

Back at the "Rex" we were refused admittance to the dining room cause we were not wearing coats. Consequently, we did as most Americans would do—— we went back to the room——got our coats and to be spiteful went down town to eat——even had Champagne to get even with them. Swat three flies.

Jan. 16th. Up at 5:30 to airport. I rode with a chappie who was in the army——he had enlisted and had a six year hitch——had been in two and was scheduled for Viet Nam in March. He had grown up on a "Cattle Station" near Perth of 178,000 acres which his folks still operate. His reason for being in Canberra——had a girl there working for the gov't. They run 5,000 head of cattle on this ranch——about one head to each 36 acres and guess what—— they herd them from Motor-bikes. However, he avowed that they did not rope from such mounts. Calves are kept for two years and then sold for $30.00 each——or per head——big, little or medium size. But, the amazing

thing was the fact that he said they would weigh only about 300 pounds at the end of that time due to lack of water. In wet years they might get up to 400 lbs.

Claire Higson and wife met the plane and we visited with them for two hours awaiting the Christchurch flight which was an hour late. Made arrangements to meet them when we returned to Sydney. Got out at 12:00 noon on a flite that was full to over-flowing--cricket team--some plain hams--and another group in Scotch plaid skirts. Not a second glance (femalewise) on the entire plane.

One interesting incident: There was a couple in the hotel Rex in Canberra who were persuaded that John was President Johnson. Matter of fact they lived in Washington D. C. and this guy (Winfield Parks) works for National Geographic Magazine--knew Pres. Johnson and had interviewed him. I went to the bar to order beer and Parks and his wife were sitting there on stools--and he again remarked about the similarity--guess he thought I was riding "shotgun," or bodyguard. We got to talking--invited them over to our table and visited for about an hour--or until they were paged to catch their plane. His wife of 6 months was a German girl and he originally was a Scotchman. Their story and pictures on Australia will be in the June issue of Nat'l Geographic. Gov. Love won't like this, but Parks insisted they, L.B.J. and John, not only looked alike--they talked alike--on subjects other than politics--and laughed alike. I could think of nothing more dissimilar than mixing a good detergent soap with milk.

On the plane from Sydney to Christchurch I drew a postal clerk as a seat companion. The acquaintanceship really started when he tried to purchase a carton of cigarettes from the Hostess on the plane. In the air and in international territory they were much cheaper and he wished to save that money. However, he had only a ten dollar bill (New Zealand issue) and she could not accept it...due to the fact that New Zealand very strictly regulates removal of their currency. She could accept two one dollar bills but not the ten. Mildred (old money bags) came to the rescue and loaned him a dollar to go with the single he had and thus the conversation started. He and a pal had been in Australia for a fortnite's vacation. He had heard of the Grand Canyon--everyone here has--on second thought I think that the Grand Jct. C. of C. should adopt a new slogan--"Grand Jct.--maternity ward for the Grand Canyon." He was firmly convinced that the U. S. is large--powerful--rich----and "sure he would like to go there." Himself--he gets a take-home-pay of $56.00 each Fo'-nite. Say--you should hear me slight my I's--good on you....chappie. Would you like a "cuppa tie?" His full dental care is paid for--also medical. He belongs to the union as do they all. He carefully removed a pack of cigarettes from the carton so that they would be duty free. Also, he repaid the dollar as we were going through customs.

Christchurch, I had pictured as a small town--quite the contrary. It is a city of churches--flowers--flowers--and more flowers. Only one fly survived the plane trip--they promptly swatted him--and we were in business. Christchurch is a town of 250,000 (debatable) just now in the transition stage of going from a sleepy village to a thriving metropolis. Real estate has climbed sufficiently in price to justify the construction of high-rise buildings--a few of which are in the process. Caught a cab to the Russley with a very nice driver (Joe McMillan) a transplanted Scotchman, and made arrangements for him to pick us up the following day. The Russley is a Motor Lodge--newly constructed--and the rooms are quite spacious--twice the size that one would expect. Included is a refrigerator and, bless heavens, it contains a pint of milk. It was quite cool; we turned the heat on and during the "Glowing Hour"--notice 'tis a new cognomen--a black cat wandered

up to the back door and we invited him in for milk. He was quite a nice cat, too. Well mannered—he drank only half the milk; I had enough left for breakfast—me being the only user. Also, we had an electric Jug for instant coffee which we made good use of. Coming back from dinner that night I bumped into a mining engineer—grad. of Ariz. U. who has spent the past 20 years in foreign travel. Quite interesting and he advised me that New Zealanders and Aussies were the only people I might hope to find who had a genuine liking for America and Americans. That I can now believe. The hospitality has been utterly fantastic, despite the fact that they give us an occasional askance glance.

Joe came by the next morning and we rode all day with him for guide for the magnificent sum of $30.00—including tolls paid on a new road. Joe had been in the Scottish Merchant Marine and was well traveled. At the end of his roaming he picked Christchurch to settle down in—married and has 3 and a half children—all taxi drivers in the Far East seem to fit that category. I wouldn't even venture to surmise whether they are affected by the traffic or the passengers. I'm pretty certain that our counter-parts offered no incentive—wigs and all. Anyho—hell, I'm getting back to Xmas with that ho ho stuff. It was a delightful day viewing flowers that would put California to shame. In New Zealand people retire, move to town and proceed to raise flowers. The competition much resembles that so rampant in the States when people decorate for Xmas—each tries to out-do his neighbor and the results are fantastic. Joe took us to a Cul-D-Sac of flowers that will be a living memory. Tree Roses that were actually tree roses—trunks four inches thru—a mass and riot of color. Hydrangeas actually as large as dinner plates and by adding iron to the soil they attained a variety of colors.

In an aside—we have seen several dogs around the homes—both here and in Australia. Mostly, pedigreed and on leash...a practice apparently influenced by their use and need of sheep dogs.

We saw a most peculiar cemetery...cremation is the rule in New Zealand and this particular cemetery was of the perpetual care variety. Over each small plot, about 16 inches square, a tree rose was planted; they were in full bloom and a memorable sight. Something to think about as real estate becomes more valuable.

The bays and inlets around Christchurch are numerous and interesting. In 125 years they have come a long way. One beach in particular where the tides cast stones up—no sand. These stones are all of the polishable type—moss agates etc. We visited the home of a retired book-binder—printer who makes a hobby of collecting and polishing these stones. His collection was fabulous—but nothing for sale. 'Twill be on exhibition in San Francisco soon—or a portion of it.

The South Island is a mass of rolling hills covered with grass which at this time of year was brown rather than a lush green such as the North Island. Reminded me very much of the Idaho Hills 'tween Boise and Northern portion. Cattle and sheep everywhere—mostly dairy cattle and sheep are raised primarily for wool; however, they do butcher some for meat. Had lunch at a road-side inn—bar in one portion and lunch room in the other. Of course, we went into the bar first—Pub they call 'em—and ordered beer. The five of us paid 40¢ for five glasses of beer. Now, for all my life I have always wanted to walk into a crowded bar-room (much like Dan McGrew) and say—"Set 'em up for the House." In the states one would not dare. Here I could have done the job and gained unlasting acclaim for just 96¢ not counting our own party. "Love's Labour Lost." The crowd disseminated before we had the opportunity to buy.

On the way back we stopped at a co-op creamery and purchased a pound of excellent cheese for 25¢. Had we been economy minded, the 5# size was $1.00

According to the New Zealand papers they anticipate contributing $164,000.00 toward the war in Viet Nam this year. Add 12 per cent for exchange differences. Also Christchurch is the jumping off place for the Antarctic. We have a very sizeable detachment of air force based here for that purpose. Scott headquartered here, before his epic venture. Their rail system is Lilliputian—cars that Brian could brush off the tracks with one hand—however the locomotives are oil-fired...narrow gauge. Christchurch is located on Canterbury plain (approx. 145 miles by 100 miles) of wheat land and diversified farming. A ridge of mountains separates two bays which contained the original settlements. The one harbor is fantastic—1½ miles wide and 4½ miles long—a narrow inlet of deep water. Much of the shipping moves from this port.

Back to the hotel Russley after making arrangements to have Joe pick us up the next morning for a trip thru the museum before take-off at 2:10. (no flies) The black cat didn't show and I had a full pint of milk for my instand coffee. Say—as a passing comment—if you make bad "Nescafe" you would probably not have enough milk for the black cat anyway.

Joe proved to be quite informative about living costs in New Zealand...he owned his own taxi—belonged to a co-op group that contributed $31.00 per month for a two-way radio and dispatching service. They also owned a Co-op Service Station, the profits of which—they split. As a representative of a common working man he purchased food for his family from a "Butchery" where he bought a whole "leg-o-lamb" for 85¢—or a full one half lamb, dressed and ready for the oven for $1.85. Butter was 28¢ per lb. and he could buy a pint of milk for 4¢—larger sizes were progressively cheaper. He paid 8% social security as self-employeed. He was exempt $600.00 as head of the household—was allowed a $300.00 exemption for his wife and $120.00 for each child. He had a hired driver who took over on Saturday noon and worked the Sunday shift also. The driver got 40%—Joe the balance. However, if the driver took in $10.00, he only received $3.16 after taxes for his $4.00 share and then Joe had to pay 20% of the remaining $6.00 or $1.20 to the gov't. Joe had his own home and his "H ol den" taxi—a car manufactured in Australia by G. M. It is the equivalent of a small American compact—the old G.M. 6 in line engine. Joe's taxi has 172,000 miles on it—the muffler was loose—and he said that it was going to the shop for a new motor the following Monday.

Imports are a sore spot with New Zealand. They prohibit the importation of clocks and watches entirely—and they produce none themselves. Guess they just get a crowing rooster like Jim Hale's neighbors had in Bangkok. They do allow Corn Flakes and other breakfast cereals entry, but they are almost 50% higher than like items produced locally.

New Zealand absolutely prohibits the taking of money from their country. Their own citizens going abroad are allowed $12.00 per day for meals and hotel—which, let me assure you, just won't do it. Unless it is a business trip promoting New Zealand Products, the limit is about $150.00 or approximately two weeks. They are attempting to live within their own little world and consequently they are in the worst financial condition of any nation that we have visited. Strongly unionized and controlled by an elected assembly of about 80 individuals who draw the stupendous salary of $5,000.00 each per year—they are attempting subsidies and economic planing to cure their ills. At this time the Gov't purchased wool at 45¢ and it is now 35¢. Synthetics have largely displaced wool. The Gov't holdings are large and if liquidated at this time would further decrease the 35¢ price. Buyers know this and are lying low. New Zealand is in a depression

much akin to that of the '30s—prices are inching upward—they are forbidding the import of many exotic items—perfumes etc. Mildred had a bottle of cologne which she picked up on Pan-Am in the pot for free; she gave it to my postal worker friend and made a lifetime U. S. Ally.

Christchurch has a new, very modern University which is entirely tuition free—all you need is the desire.

The restrictions on the withdrawal of money from N/Z has a far reaching impact on manufacturers wishing to sell there. Really, there is no point in doing business in a country where you cannot get your money out. For example we send materials for a new house to N/Z—the man pays cash—but we must leave the money on deposit there—and by there—I mean in a New Zealand bank. The only recourse would be a trip to N/Z and while there spend the money. Pleasant thought, but it won't keep the business going. Consequently, many American and other foreign companies are ignoring the country. You can no longer live alone in this small world.

Graveled roads in N/Z are "shingled roads"—a gravel plant thus is a "shingle plant." Tires are Tyres—Australia, too. A "Trifle" is a gourmet's delight. I inquired of a waitress about the name and she opined that "someone got to trifling around in the kitchen and came up with it." Let me tell you it can be anything—like cake—walnuts—preserved strawberries—chocolate topping—butterscotch—whipped cream—all topped with a large cherry and put in one dish. Um-m 'tis a dish to remember.

Christchurch is very proud of a city park of 500 acres with an additional 20 acres for botanical gardens. Flowers galore. The gardening cost must be terrific. A lazy clear stream meanders thru the park, for that matter the city, and it is alive with ducks, begging to be fed. They, too, have a museum depicting early life in this country....replete with wax figures and heirlooms.

New Zealand, perhaps, is more closely tied to the Mother Britain than any other of the common-wealth countries. However, should I have to search for another country, I am sure that New Zealand would be my pick. It is lovely —only the government is bad.

Jan. 18th We slept late—it was raining—roped the bags for security—it is real comforting to know how to tie a hitch and a half. Took off for Auckland in a drizzle—most of the flight was cloudy and we could see very little. However, there was a snow-capped range on our left as we flew north. Between the two islands the overcast was heavy. We wound up visiting with a stewardess who had lost her husband about 18 months before in a plane accident. "Margaret Gibbons"—a cutie who was very much interested in hearing of America—where she hoped to go some day.

On the ground we were paged by inter-com and a "Dick Head" (friend of Higson) picked us up. Damned good thing since we were about 30 miles from our hotel. We checked into a very nice place right on the beach—"Mon Desir." Auckland itself is a very interesting town of about half a million. On the west side there is a very shallow port from the Tasman Sea—on the eastern side a good deep water port from the Pacific. The harbor is busy.

It was raining so hard when we got to the hotel that we couldn't unload the luggage so we just went in the bar and had a couple of drinks (very weak). We talked to Dick and planned to rest the next morning—catch up on writing and laundry and then go around the city with him that afternoon. The next day, Jan. 20, we planned an all day trip...to Rotorua and points of interest. The desk at the motel told me I could have a typewriter for 75¢ per hour—and love you as I do—I passed. A Frenchman managed the place and he evidently thought he could erase the war debt dealing with a

simple Yankee. I may be simple but there is nothing much wrong with my arithmetic.

They were water ski-ing in the bay in front of the hotel. Protected as the beach is there was little current and no breakers....just like a big lake.

Jan. 20th we drove 417 miles—left early—got in late. The difference 'tween North and South Island was, perhaps, the rainfall and the consequent greenery. We have brochures and literature which cover that day's travel so will skip it. Rather, I was more impressed by our chauffeur and guide—the aforementioned "Dick Head." Dick—Battery Manufacturer—ex-World War 2 Fighter Pilot—pilot instructor—then instructor's instructor—again a fighting pilot—is 53 years old, has one son who is getting married next month, is himself separated from his wife. Balding now, he still has evidences of blond curls above his ears and around his neck which he very meticulously brushes at least once an hour with a hair brush carried on the front seat beside him. His humor has no end and he loves to kid. Driving thru the countryside he nervously rolls his car window up and down like a kid with a Yo-Yo. He continually inquires about the comfort of his passengers—his stories are well told and pungent.

As a pilot for six years (all spent fighting the Japanese) he grew to hate them and then, as he told it, there was a change. The Japanese had sent a golf team to play in Auckland after the war (he didn't mention the year), but Dick was assigned one of the golfers—to shepherd and entertain. Naturally, there was a language barrier and communication difficult. Dick said he tried every kind of restaurant etc. with his Jap friend, but he rdalized that the guy wasn't getting the food he desired. As Dick put it, "the guy was just plain hungry." Finally one night they decided to cook at Dick's house—after visiting the beach and acquiring a fish—and the Jap wanted Rice. Now Dick had never cooked rice before but he attempted it, and as he said, "it was a lousy—goocy mess." He didn't say, but I am sure they prepared the fish also. Anyway, Dick said the look in the Jap's face was of pure pleasure....he ate all the rice and for the first time in 10 days wasn't hungry. The upshot of the whole thing was that Dick forgot his hate and developed a liking for Japanese.

The point of the story is: we had asked Dick about re-arming Japan and he agreed wholeheartedly. From hate acquired in fighting to a simple understanding of living with a hungry Jap for 10 days, he had changed his mind. Like it or not—Japan is the only nation in the Far East with enough of what it takes to keep the peace here. Either we do it or we give the job to someone else now that Britain has pulled out.

C O P Y

VII

Australian and New Zealand table protocol is invariably and resolutely observed. We had our first introduction at the Adelphi in Perth. On the flight from Singapore we had arrived at 1:40 A.M.; the next morning we were ushered into a very dignified and formal dining room. Even at breakfast the host or hostess will formally select a table and seat the party, inquiring naively, "Four please" and the four of us standing there very obviously. Evidently they try to impress one with their ability to count —very much like "Ned in the Third Reader."

Seated, the waitress makes her appearance—stiff and starched—hair long and streaming. Nationality-wise they could be as unselective as the proverbial Heinz 57 Varieties—this is a land of immigrants. As a concession to age I am forced to wear glasses when ordering from a menu, but I soon learned that improved vision also posed an appetite situation. I could not ignore the hair in the Marmalade. Simple you say—not so—removal of the reading assistance led to further complications. The Salt and Pepper shakers (Pewter or silver) were very similar. The chief difference being in the perforations—the salt shaker has only one opening which would very well accommodate an ordinary "Kitchen Match." He who hesitates gets too much salt. Pepper shakers have about five perforations, but—these Anzacs use only white pepper. Being nearly blind it is utterly impossible to judge a proper application. Yet you dare not resort to the glasses and the hair. Damn the Pepper, as Farragut said...you just order and remove the glasses. Hair in the teeth really poses no great problem—ordinarily a firm, determined yank will remove the most of it. In cases or emergency or obstinacy eye-brow tweezers in the privacy of one's bath will get those that happen to become intertwined.

Full silverware service is on the table. After taking the order the waitress or waiter will remove those itams which they calculate your order precludes using. Spoons—even the small ones are as large as a tablespoon. Bread and butter plates are invariably left on the table. Water is never served unless a specific request is made for it and then you very often get it in a Martini like glass.

Butter for the four of us is one large chunk, very obviously cut from the boneless end of an old fashioned full pound—a very generous portion indeed since this is the land of 28¢ butter per pound.

Toast is thin sliced and served in miniature bicycle rack—bicycles removed and toast inserted in the slots to insure rapid cooling and separation of the slices. It is utterly impossible to apply the butter with any assurance of it penetrating the toast—only the heat in Perth could have done that.

Cream on the table is milk which the natives add very liberally to either tea or coffee. Never order either beverage "White" if the waitress has possession of the milk pot—they will take your assent both literally and liberally. Their coffee you cannot drink—you eat it.

Very popular desserts are either "Waffles & Ice Cream"—"Hot Cakes with Strawberry Jam" or a selection of "Crackers & Cheese." The latter is very often brought as a dessert whether ordered or not. A long silver tray is provided with crackers on one end—cheese on the other (very good, too) and a wooden board in the middle for slicing. Don't argue—I mean the evening meal.

The Anzacs, themselves, have a very queer habit of turning their forks upside down and pushing food onto the back with their knives. Adequate, indeed, but prone to dripping. They serve a table from either side of the guest—and likely as not the arrangement of proper silverware use will be reversed. Just use the implement best suited for the bite in hand and

damn the positioning.

Too, Anzacs can spot a Yankee further than Dollie can smell a rooster Pheasant---very often we are seated at a table well segregated from the residents---which gives me the feeling that "since they don't have time to vaccinate us---they just isolate us"---just in case.

God bless 'em---they always have lavish bouquets of flowers as center-pieces.

* * *

Ashore in Fiji today---have lost my typewriter---only 3 on the ship and take turns on them. Also have lost track of time. It just could be Fri. 26th.

* * *

C O P Y

January 21, 1968 --

Breakfast, the morning we left Auckland, proved to be a fiasco. The hotel dining room opened at 8:00 A.M.---due to the distance to the airport we departed at 7:45. We, consequently, were drinking a single cup of coffee when our plane was called. Boarding, we were held on the ground for 50 minutes while 60 passengers from a cancelled flight processed and loaded. We left with a full plane--hot and hungry--and attended by disgruntled stewards and stewardess at the extra work involved in caring for the late-arriving passengers.

When they finally did serve breakfast the main course was "Kidney." The coffee was the worst that we encountered in all of Australia. Flight time was about four hours to Sydney, but due to time changes we arrived there at 10:30.

The Higsons (Clare and wife Teddy) met us with two Mercedes for transport to the hotel. Irene and June, also, were there with friends. Those Mercedes are quite an automobile. Handmade (more or less in Germany) their size belies their cost--in the neighborhood of $20,000.00 each. Not a large car--the rear seat is made for either children or legless people. However, they slip through traffic like the man on the proverbial trapeze.

We checked in at the "Wentworth"---truly a fabulous hotel. Clare had gone to the office to check on the business and we gathered in one room with Irene and June for an early "Happy Hour." Rather than intrude, "Teddy" went home until the girls had left.

This was our final goodbye to them and they finally tore themselves away amid tears about 3:00 P.M., after promising to return to the states in the near future.

"Teddy" picked us up and we had dinner at the home of the Higsons. Met their son and daughter and five grandchildren.

Their home is on a steep hillside overlooking the bay with the multitude of yachts---ocean shipping---and harbor lights. The landscaping is of a tiered variety due to the sloping grounds--beautifully flowered--fountained --with a stone stairway leading directly to the ocean. The house, itself, is two storied--scratch-faced brick....spacious and quite lovely.

After dinner we left early--Clare having had some recent health problems. Son John took us to the hotel.

Next morning John and I went to Clare's P.F.G. (Professional Golf Forging) factory for a tour of inspection---with Clare, himself, as guide. They manufacture about 750 golf clubs per day and concentrate (as the name implies) upon quality rather than quantity. Interestingly, the wood used in the manufacturing of wooden headed clubs is imported from the United States. The Australian Government, to increase their balance of trade, makes liberal concessions (tax-wise) toward the export of items manufactured locally. Consequently, much of their product is aimed at the export market and may be found around the world.

After the very interesting tour---we had a good two fingers of Scotch--- and a visit with Clare.

Clare Higson is, perhaps, one of the most interesting and well informed persons whom we shall ever be privileged to meet. A native of Australia, he was educated in England for some three or four years. Rather short of stature (about 5'-6") he is of the human dynamo type. Eyes that are a piercing brown--almost black. Quite articulate, with an astounding comprehension of world affairs and politics. He is quite familiar with the Prime Minister and other officials of his native country. He is either a director or associate in some 32 holding companies--many of them engaged in importing into Australia. He has been a Director of Johnson Wax (U.S.) for over 20 years and handles distribution for them in Australia. A veteran of World War 2---he rose from the ranks to a Captaincy---and has a keen insight and interest in American politics dating back to his wartime associations.

He is deeply concerned about the Socialistic tendencies of his country and New Zealand. There is little doubt in his mind but that the two must form a closer union of some type; however, he admits that New Zealand would be the one most benefited. His optimism about his native Australia is unlimited and one has only to look at the Sydney skyline and the mass of new construction to share his enthusiasm. He operates a subsidiary in Manila (a small assembly shop) and clued us in on many items concerning the Philippines which we had overlooked.

The very nature of his multiple companies requires that he travel very extensively each year over the entire Far East. He is, perhaps, one of the best informed sources on Eastern Problems and politics in the world today. His concepts and interpretations are not influenced by wishful thinking.

In speaking of the United States (and he has great respect for our country) he implanted one thought that was shocking. His big concern was the fact that many Australians have a sneaking supposition that they may (in the next 15 or 20 years) be dealing with a United States that is governed by Colored People.

Australia has no colored people and very few residents of India. While they encourage and need immigration to fill the vast vacancies of their continent, they have a fool-proof system of entrance examinations that preclude any possibility of colored people contaminating their lands.

Thus, their concern about the racial problem in the United States. They are looking beyond Vietnam---into a future---which to them is of prime importance. They simply realize that their future and that of the United States are closely intertwined--even to the exclusion of England. Our countries simply have more in common. Clare's reaction to De Gaulle and France was typically non-enthusiastic.

The Anzac commitment of troops in Vietnam--roughly 3% of their population--our contingent--about 2½% of our population. The new premier has very frankly told us that they will not increase their numbers---'twill be static or dwindling.

Yet they worry about a black take-over in America. Vietnam is but a mosquito bite.

A lovely lunch with the Higsons and farewell to Sydney. Boarding the ship for twelve days to Honolulu---Teddie and daughter to see us off. Clare, home and pooped. Our conversation and tour of the morning, evidently, too extenuating. Farewell to a very interesting Aussie.....

Coming in to Bangkok on "Air France," John had just used the last flash-bulb for the Polaroid and we still had three Scotch & Sodas to split between the two of us when they flashed the "Fasten Seat-Belt ---No Smoking" sign. We were in no condition to divide three drinks into two people equitably---so we avoided fractional mathematics and downed them.

We were on the ground about 5:00 P.M. and Jim and Marion were jumping up and down with greetings. We loaded all baggage--drunks--included--in Jim's car for the drive to town and the Hald domicile. The airport is about 30 minutes from where Jim and Marion live. On the way in Jim assured us that they had sent the boys to a weekend camp on the River Kwai to assure adequate room for the four of us. Doris was about as enthusiastic over this prospect as a Catholic would have been in visiting a Buddhist Temple.

The road to town was wide and good--much in contrast to the streets in the city itself. After much turning and twisting in the city proper (and in Tokyo-like traffic) we arrived at the Hale home to be greeted by a big sign "Welcome Burkeys--All Four."

When Jim and Marion came to Bangkok they decided that they would rent in the native quarters for the benefit of the boys rather than live in the American sector.

The house is large, multi-roomed---two story with three baths---servant quarters surrounded by a tall fence. The entrance is through two iron grilled gates which are opened by a blast of the horn and an electric eye wearing pants, white shirt and no shoes--a native boy--whose monthly hire is $15.00--lodging--and food. When not opening gates this electric eye does yard work and polishes the car. Needless to say it is shining.... I am almost sure that he has removed at least one coat of paint in the process. Jim has two more years there and 'tis a question of whether the paint will survive the inevitable daily polishing for the duration.

The first thing we saw was the Gibbon--"Cherokee." Wearing a light harness and securely fastened to a tree, she was swinging in joy at our arrival--not particularly us--she just likes people. Next came "Okie" the dog, a small many-ancestored thing of bubbling friendliness.

Entering the house proper we were greeted by a Sousa Replica from the music room---"David--Norman--Randy" playing with a gusto that would make the Living Brass as inconsequential as a mosquito's buzz. Jim was right ---the boys made Aunt Doris "Kwai".....great, big, tears. They still had lots of room after getting the four of us settled.

Besides the "Electric Eye" they have a cook ($40.00 per mo.) and a helper --laundress--chamber-maid etc. ($22.50 per mo.) House rent is $325.00 per month with water furnished. Electricity is high--around $50.00 per month; heat is not necessary except for hot water. In the bath this is furnished by throwing a switch on a small wall heater (220 volt) and when the light gets red you are in business. Cooking is with electricity. Incidentally, their hired cook is a smiling bundle of efficiency--good. The front porch, a pillared, rambling affair, is a wonderful loafing place. The yard contains a variety of native trees--even to bananas. Drinking water is of the bottled variety--for household use it comes

from a well which the landlord owns and which supplies some six houses. There is a city connection also to the house for emergency use if needed. For this standby service Jim pays one Baht per month---or .05 cents. The telephone service is weird and unreliable---even for a Lt. Colonel. Sometimes it does work; more often it doesn't.

The boys attend American schools with a variety of teachers and fellow pupils. They must arise early and leave in near darkness by bus to get there. Randy did attend a school dance one night when we were there. His chief complaint was the imposing ratio of girls to boys.

If you want night noises with your slumber---just visit the Hales. In back of the house there is a Chinese vegetable farm--the operators of which--were still celebrating New Years. Since their Lunar New Year was only a short month away (and much more important to them) they were staying in practice with dedicated vehemence. They yowled until the small hours. They had a vociferous rooster who took over when they tired. Blasts from ocean-going ships (the deep-bull-horn variety) punctuated any lulls. Dogs, which are everywhere in Bangkok, were a muted chorus. You just can't beat the Hales' in Bangkok for nite noises. Oh yes, there is a variety of birds who sing all night, too.

In case of sudden pain or snake-bite the Hales have a well stocked bar in the living room. Food is available in quality and quantity when desired. Laundry service is excellent--the clothes clean. You just can't beat the Hale Hotel. It was a needed break from a routine of room numbers.

Bangkok is a city of some two million. From narrow winding alleys to wide well kept streets. To slow the speeding traffic, which moves on the left side of the road, they intersperse an occasional circle at intersections---about every quarter mile. To further discourage speeding on side streets they place a prostrate barricade on the pavement. Take one too fast and you'll be forever sorry. 'Tis as jolting as a Republican Victory in a presidential election.

Jim and Marion, being American, knew instinctively the things that would interest us. Ordinarily, the natives will show you a shrine--a church--the highest hill in order. None of our time was wasted that way.

We were at the open market on Saturday afternoon where they sell everything necessary to sustain life--even to the exotic and esthetically minded. The aromas are as divergent as the noises at the Hale Hotel---and, much more pungent. In fact this market was where they purchased their Gibbon. Roughly, it covered about 15 or 20 acres and was a complete education in selling---begging---and bartering. Open only on weekends---they somehow removed all unsold merchandise on Sunday night and returned it to wherever it came from. A stupendous task. We did find a men's toilet---a neat walk-in affair, screened from the kneec up to the shoulders. Doris found the ladies', but in the excitement I failed to get her description of it. The prime lesson was the fact that you just never paid the asking price. That served only as an introduction---negotiation is a way of life here.

On Sunday Jim rented a boat and took us on a trip down the river---up a canal---to a connecting canal (Klongs, to the natives)---back to the river and then home.

These Klongs are necessary---roads are almost impossible---so they live upon the banks and travel the waters---'tis as simple as that. They throw garbage--sewarage--etc. on the water---then wash--bathe in---and drink it. The consistency is akin to thin pea-soup. As you go along they hitch onto your boat with offerings of fruits--clothing--straw products--complete meals wrapped in banana leaves--silks---You name it, Joe----they have it. We stopped and watched them weaving silk---even watched one of their native saw-mills operating. Sunday, means nothing to them; they work 10 hour days---.75 cents per day.

I had noticed that their lumber seemed to have been sawn with band-saws --the tooth marks were vertical--in contract to the marks left by a circular saw. Our inspection cleared up this one point. They have an old-fashioned, two man cross-cut. Logs are placed on saw horses and are about 20 feet long. A line is chalked on either side for guidance and then they simply get with it. Two men can saw about four or five boards in a day---roughly---75 to 100 board feet of lumber....and it is surprisingly neither thick nor thin. They follow the chalked line very well. It is not edged until used. How can one tell the desired width until the board is applied to the structure? Then and only then, do they edge it and then with a Skill-saw....no set---smoke flying. Most of the lumber is used for building barges to transport produce on the Klongs to sea-going vessels lying in deeper water. A finished barge sells for about $7,000.00--American--and looks to be about 100 ton capacity. On the river there are strings of these barges--towed by tugs--loaded to near the water line--6 to 8 per tow. Log supplies are penned near the various mills--enough to last the Delta Mill about two hours, but with their antiquated methods, enough to wear out a man or two not counting the many back-aches.

The finale---was a stop at the Temple, which they were renovating, and finally the royal barges. These are oar powered monstrosities of about 150 feet in length--maintained for the royal family--in making their yearly trip down the river. The figure-heads on the bows are intricately carved gods--dragons--and sea horses. The interim--back to the stern--is a succession of bejeweled totem-pole like carvings that defy description. Polaroid, did much better than I can do on the typewriter. The boat-house is of a Butler-type--self-supporting roof and housing about four or five of these back-killers. In the spirit of austerity---there is much debate, at the time of this writing---of whether they should continue this maintenance expense when the Royal Barges are used only once yearly.

Thailand, you know, is a "Benevolent Monarchy." Royal family and all--they survive only by the graciousness of a Prime Minister who wears the four eminent and most important "hats" of government---much to the lament of Col. Hale. This Prime Minister is also Chief of the Army--Minister of Defense--and keeper of the Treasury. Without his Tock you just don't Tick in Thailand.

Col. Hale is engaged in teaching rudimentary military tactics to a division of Thais who will report to Vietnam this month. Assisted by about 500 to 600 American Military Aides, his is a job of orientation. Frankly speaking, he says that they are making very good soldiers. The Prime Minister is self-appointed---self-enduring. They tried a revolution---the air force or navy--it didn't work---so he will continue in power.

The Thai Navy was anchored in the river (we got a good view of it) consisting of eight or ten Destroyer Escorts---mounting 3" guns as their chief armament. The entire force has a complement of about 3,000 men and they rotate in Vietnam duty. The air force has about the same number, but they refuse to fly the American Jets furnished them. Jim said that they tried shaming them, but it just wouldn't work. They, definitely, do not want to "Fly and Die."

The army has about 130,000 men---privates make about seven or eight dollars per month---and if you really want to make a career of it---you can get to be a Lieutenant and get the princely sum of $30.00 per mo. There is no conscription---service is voluntary.

Thailand, itself, is having border incidents with avowed communists. They have little choice but to help their American benefactor.

The country needs a good water system---sewerage disposal desperately. Occasionally, a grass shack along the Klong will display a T.V. aerial ---and I mean only occasionally. It is a symbol of their recognition of the better things of life---the gist of the present conflict.

Jim very aptly describes the situation when he says "the Thais are the cleanest people on earth, yet filthy".....they bathe daily in scummy water.

One other aside---Jim and Marion took us shopping down town. Doris purchased some silk and then we moved to a more diversified business emporium. Here they sold carvings---jewelry---and cutlery. The first thing was introductions---the next, beer. (local) A very potent concoction---your glass was filled every time you had the lapse of memory to set it down. (A striking merchandising program which we might try when we get home) Before you could say "Bobby Kennedy" we had spent over $300.00 American dollars. That guy is a definite threat to J. C. Penney. Hale, inherited the tribulations---he had to mail all of the junk home. John Love got a bona-fide "Thai" Elephant---with the admonition "Think big in '68." Hopeless, eh?

The kids departed for school on Monday morning in the semi-darkness.... we for the air-port and Singapore.

'Tis reassuring to know that we have some Hales in the army. Very--very nice people. Grandma Hildred---best you go see your loving son.

Knew I would forget something---since I lost my most painstakingly taken notes:

Jim and Marion, both linguistic acrobats, speak the Thai language very well. To attain this proficiency they both have attended school. The language, to assure dexterity, has some 43 consonants.

The nite before we left, Jim was downstairs, alerted by "Okie's" warning bark to drive off an intruder. "45" in hand, he took over for one of the boys, who likewise awakened, was defending with a pellet gun.

Thus, a typical night in Bangkok.

The "Far East" is an enigma...a complex problem of vast distances—— divergent languages—colors—philosophies—traditions—and economies—— as completely baffling as the mind of a jealous—scheming woman.

From lands rich in revered tradition to the newest immigrant—from languor to fervid endeavour—from hunger to luxurious living——it is truly a kaleidoscope.

Perhaps, the most astute observation one could make would concern the vast differences in income and living standards. We have been in this territory for two hair-cuts (approx. 15 days each) one roll of toilet paper (about one week) and three kleenex (one day). Hardly time to explore the veneer—not the complex. However, neither have we been here long enough to be influenced by acquaintanceship. Could just be, that the cursory information obtained would be more nearly indicative of the thinking.

Now is the time of a vast transition in this part of the world. Education of the masses, while necessary and inevitable, is only alerting the lower classes to the financial and social discrepancies. Emerging from a life-time of exploitation and concentrated wealth with the accruing "Abundant living by a few" there is a new philosophy rapidly developing. Led by an impatient few—undoubtedly educated abroad—they are attempting to bridge the standard of living gap more quickly by turning to "Communism."....as the direct approach to the shortest distance between two points. Education is, undoubtedly, the needed anti-biotic for their economic ills, but just as surely it is "The peal of doom."

The full impact of British withdrawal from the Far East will be stupendous and dramatically potent. The vacuum created by British withdrawal will be filled by either communism or capitalism—that you had better believe. Britain, after years of Bulldog tenacity and determination, has gone broke ——gone broke pioneering a Far Eastern Course that we, the United States, are pursuing.

Today it is not a question of our adopting the orphan—rather adopting the orphanage with the multitude of problems—blood, money and council.

In all of this vast territory today the situation is: Japan—unarmed (except for civil defense). The Philippines with some defense—supplied by the U.S.—but so corrupt that more than one-half of their 24,000 lawyers are in jail. Their police force worked for nine consecutive months without any pay except graft. Perhaps, their most . . . . . (notable) claim to fame was the disappearance of a full-blown fire truck from dock-side—and still untraceable. Indonesia involved in guerilla warfare at this time—— pummeled—punched and pulled by loyal and revolting troops, assisted by both U.S. and Viet Cong. Thailand has an army of 140,000 (including air force and navy). The Navy—numbering some 3,000 men—are equipped with a questionable 10 destroyer escorts. The Air Force with a few Jets (U.S. supplied) which they refuse to fly despite continual shaming by their Yankee instructors. Singapore has no army or navy. The Malays, a questionable civil defense unit. Australia and New Zealand with a population of approx. 15 million (combined) and an area in excess of the continental U. S. can muster a combined force of 700,000 men. They are openly trading with Red China, simply because China needs their wheat and they need Chinese money. They are, true, sending fighting men to Viet Nam to placate their big brother—the United States. In reality they could not muster sufficient fighting men to defend their own vast territory.

To the U. S. with almost one million men committed to but two very infinitesimal areas in the far east the call is clear and ringing—much akin to the hallowed call of Paul Revere. Now is the hour of decision, We, too,

are fast approaching the precipice over which Britain plunged to doom. Do we have the blood and money (in sufficient quantities) to assume this gigantic task? The "Pueblo" incident, so startling and striking at this time, is, I am sure, only the first of a series of needling—baiting incidents that we must be prepared and resigned to encounter in the "Far East" within the coming months.

Very simply——"Can we police the world?"

Like it or not—and many won't—I firmly believe that we should return all captured territory to the Japanese without delay and then arm them fully. Not next year—not next month, but immediately. Given sufficient arms they will be a definite deterrent to further communistic expansion. Many have fought them, but no one has ever offered a disparaging remark about their abilities as a foe. In the past 75 years they have very efficiently taken care of Russia and China at least once each. Theirs is a nation of young—hard-working—well dressed people of better than average intelligence. Down-trodden they are doing something about it. 'Tis time that they assume their proper position in the fight for the balance of power.

Very frankly I am frightened——frightened when I sit in my hotel window (costing $22.00 per day—eating a $6.00 dinner) while watching a laborer across the street working on a housing project for the princely stipend of 75¢ each 10 hours. The occasional T.V. aerial on a grass shack is symbolic of their desires and intent and they are going to fight for them.

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AMERICAN SAMOA

I would be the last to discourage my Western Colorado Republican counterparts (and they need not look just now) but, fellows, there is another Aspinall looming on the horizon.

Very similar to his father in size and looks—Owen has the same modulated voice and inflection—gracious manners and winning ways. Governor of American Samoa, he is polite to the point of being fraternal and a perfect replica of the Wayne of some three decades age. Dedicated to an adopted outpost of under-privileged peoples, his acceptance by these peoples is of little question as one rides down the street with him and observes the friendly salutes along the road which he so religiously returns.

A cable-gram yesterday advised us that he would board the "Monterey" for breakfast with ourselves and the Captain. Promptly, at 8:00 the Governor's limousine arrived at the docks—American flag on one front fender—the Samoan flag on the other—identifying plates "Governor" on front and rear with two saluting, uniformed and armed natives in the front seat. He and his very lovely wife "Tafa" came forward to greet us with leis of native flowers. Each of the four of us were bussed on the cheek by each of the Aspinalls and the leis hung 'round our necks—after much gaping by our fellow passengers. After eating a leisurely breakfast, during which the protocol and restraint was diluted—we again left the ship for a drive around the island in the official car.

We had high-graded the fruit plates in our rooms—smuggled the contents ashore in napkins—and presented him with apples, pears, plums and one lone peach which he regarded devotedly.

After a drive around the island (time was short) to the fish canneries—a new 94 room hotel—a modern Jet size airport—new modern hospital—schools and finally to the Governor's mansion for a quick drink.

The drive to the mansion is a very steep--narrow--concrete road---hardly room for one car. Going up someone remarked, "What do you do when meeting another car?" Owen replied that the ascending car had the right-of-way, particularly when it was the Governor's car. Guess what--hardly said when we did meet a car coming down and as Owen had said--they backed up the hill to let us pass.

Owen had appeared in White Coat--Tie and the works that morning despite the heat. John and I, God bless our farmer hearts---were sans even a tie. However, I did have my Filipine Hand-made Shirt on.

Owen's wife, Tafa, had arrived only that morning via Pan-Am from Honolulu. Her father is there in the hospital--and consequently, she had only a bare thirty minutes or an hour at the most at home before meeting us at the dock.

On leaving we were presented with leis of shells. Flowers are fine for a welcome, but they fade and the parting gift must be of a lasting nature. Also, Mildred and Doris were given woven bags of Tapa--in size--between a large purse and a small shopping bag.

Despite the loan of the Governor's Coat, Mildred got a dandy bunch of welts from the blistering sun. Remember her allergy--right now she is moaning and lotioning. Anyway--for a day--she got to wear a Governor's Coat.

Today we were big shots--VIPs--the envy of the natives and observing Americans accompanying us---and just a little bit nervous.

C O P Y